



FEATURE

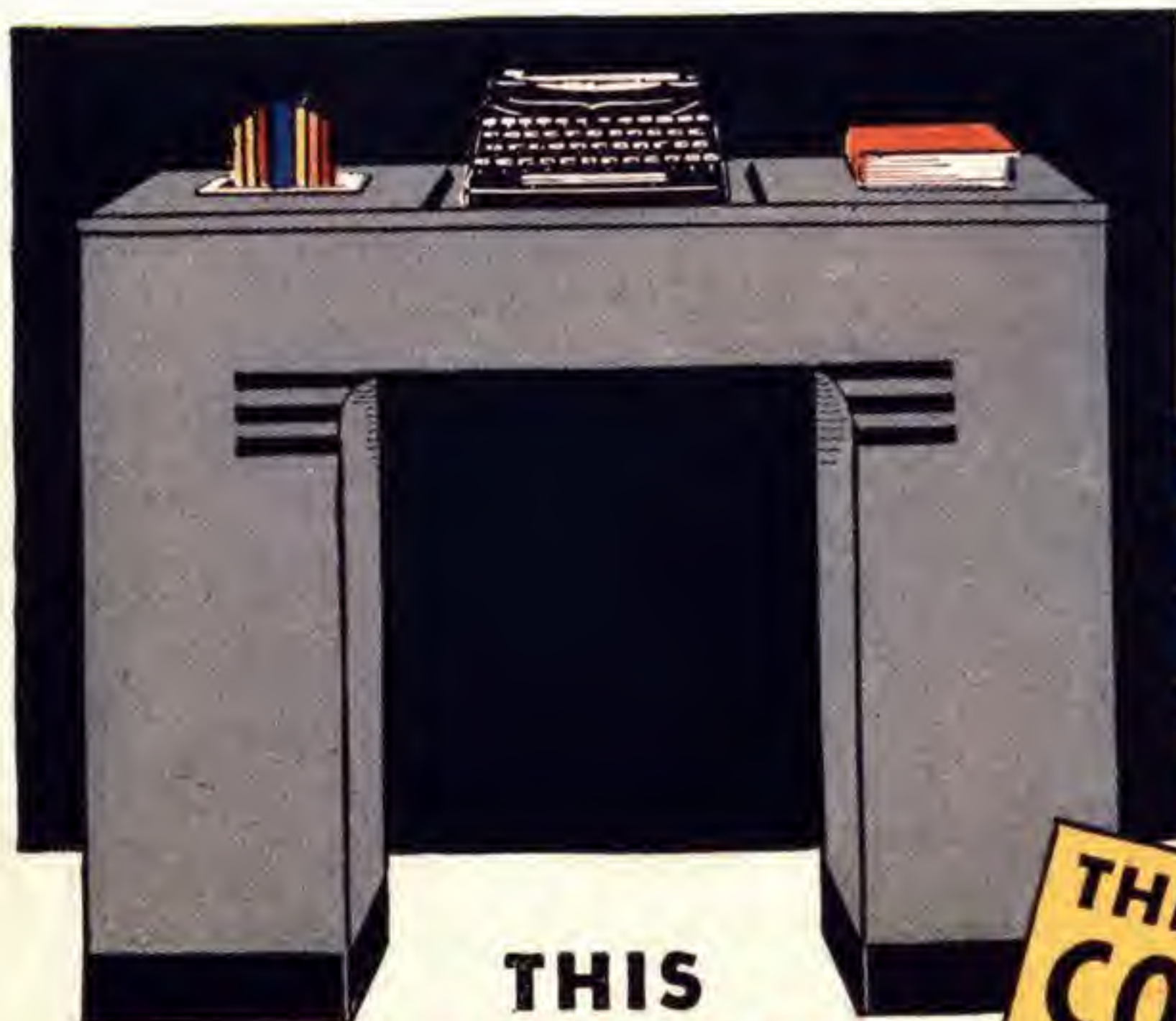
COMICS

SEPTEMBER



NO. 24 ~ 10¢

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UNIVERSE.COM**



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**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** **FOR ONLY \$1.00**

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green fits into the decorations of any home—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
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To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 19-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which rivals the most attractive luggage you can buy.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide, black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

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The Remington Noiseless Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you do not wish to keep the typewriter, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges. You take no risk.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**
How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! Terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this amazing combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.



MAIL COUPON

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Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 190-10
465 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a Free Trial of a new Remington Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free Typing Instruction Booklet for as little as 10c a day. Send Catalogue.

Name

Address

City State

CHARLIE CHAN

by ALFRED ANDRIOLA

SOUTHAMPTON... THE "VICTORIA" PIER... CHARLIE CHAN AND HIS SON, LEE, ARE ABOARD THE OCEAN LINER, WHICH IS PREPARING TO LEAVE FOR AMERICA.....



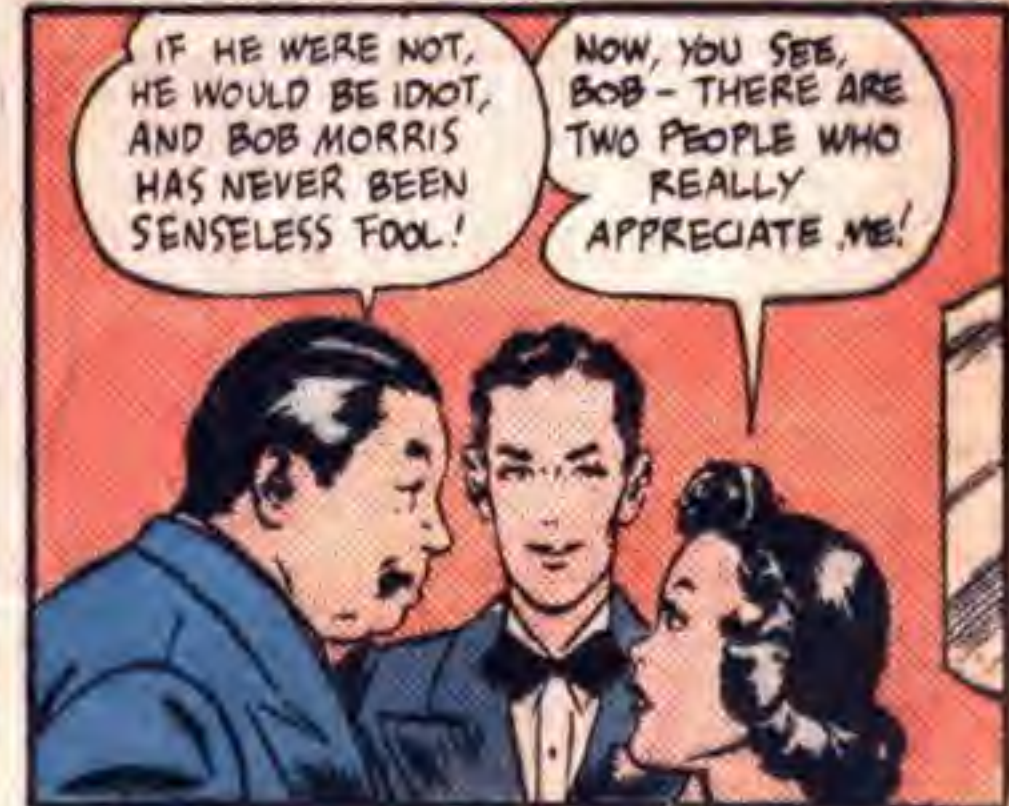
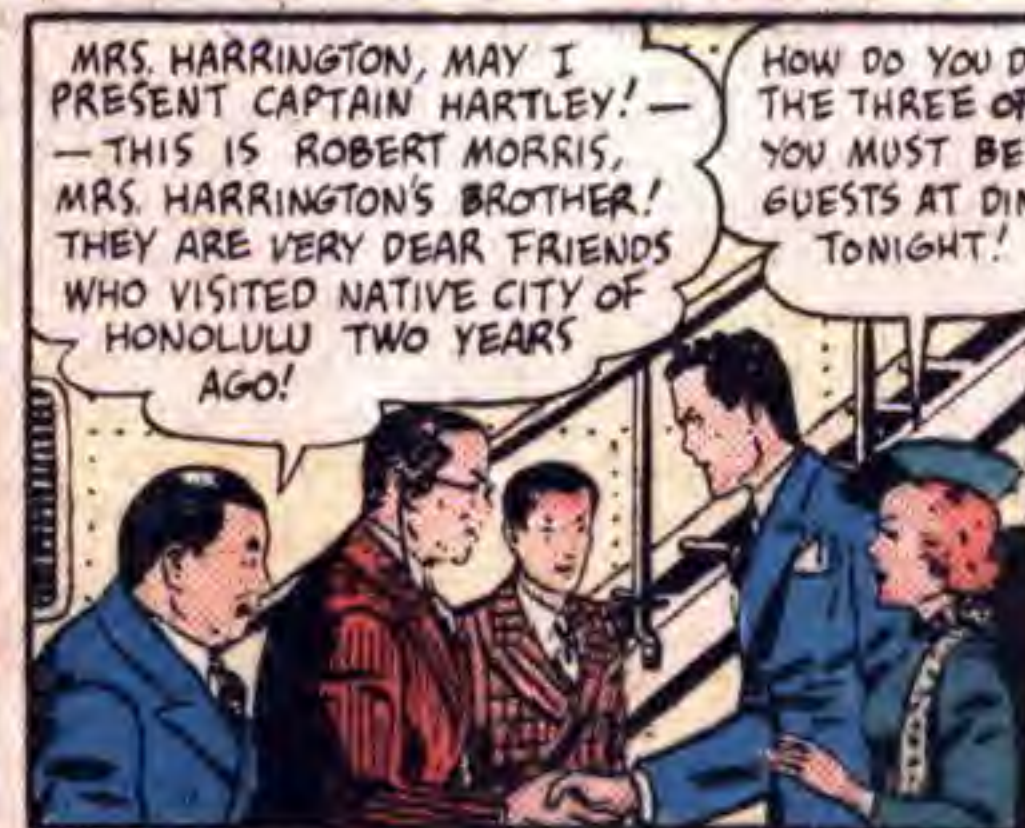
WHITFIELD MANOR
WEDNESBURY

Inspector Charlie Chan

Dear Sir -

The Mahati Diamond was stolen from my collection two days ago - my private detective, Gerald Hartley, thinks that the jewel thief, Grissac has taken it, and is aboard the Victoria. Since

Hartley too will be on the boat - will you join him and try to recover the stone for me? Hartley will have my credentials.... As always, your Grateful friend, Lord Dalfour





AH! HERE IS THE REMAINDER OF OUR PARTY! — COUNTESS ALBANI AND HUGH FALLON — CAPTAIN HARTLEY, LEE CHAN AND INSPECTOR CHAN OF THE HONOLULU DETECTIVE FORCE!

OW DO YOU DO?



A CHINESE DETECTIVE! REALLY, SOMEONE OUGHT TO STAGE A NEAT LITTLE MURDER FOR YOUR AMUSEMENT, INSPECTOR!

HUGH!



AFTER DINNER, MRS HARRINGTON AND HER GUESTS GO TO THE SALON

MARGA, HOW ABOUT A STROLL DOWN THE DECK?

AH! LOOKING FOR A SECLUDED SPOT WITH THE MOON, BOB! WELL, I CAN HAVE AN ESCORT, TOO! COME, LEE! LET'S WALK!



INSPECTOR CHAN, WHILE I WAS ON THE RIVIERA THERE WAS MUCH TALK OF AN AUDACIOUS JEWEL THIEF NAMED GRISSAC! YOU HAVE HEARD OF HIM?

GRISSAC? NO-NO!



AH! THEN YOU DO NOT KNOW OF THE MOST DARING MAN IN ALL EUROPE! HE LEFT HIS CALLING CARD WHEN HE STOLE THE CORONA PEARLS FROM THE BARONESS MORENO IN FLORENCE!



YES - AND HE WARNED THE POLICE BEFOREHAND WHEN HE CALLED ON BARON HEFFER IN VIENNA! — A DELIBERATE CHALLENGE — AND HE PULLED THE JOB RIGHT UNDER THEIR INSENSITIVE NOSES, INSPECTOR!



INSPECTOR CHAN! MY BROOCH! — MY DIAMOND BROOCH IS GONE!



OH BOB! BOB I'VE LOST MY BROOCH! IT WAS THE REAL ONE, BOB! WHAT WILL HAROLD SAY?

WE'LL FIND IT, JANE! WE'LL FIND IT!



FIND IT? YOU ARE OPTIMISTIC, MY BOY! YOU WILL HAVE TO FIND GRISSAC FIRST!



GRISSAC?

THEN-THEN- YOU KNOW OF HIM?



PARDON, PLEASE! HAVE CONFESSION TO OFFER! CAPTAIN HARTLEY AND HUMBLE SELF ARE ALREADY ON TRAIL OF JEWEL THIEF WHO CALLS HIMSELF GRISSAC!

THE CELEBRATED MAHATI DIAMOND HAS BEEN STOLEN FROM LORD DALFOUR AND WE HAD EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE GRISSAC WAS ON THIS SHIP WITH IT! NOW WE KNOW!



CAN'T WE MAKE A SEARCH OF SOME KIND, CHARLIE? IT'S SO FUTILE TO DO NOTHING!



BOB, THERE ARE MANY HUNDRED PEOPLE ON BIG SHIP! IS SYSTEMATIC SEARCH POSSIBLE?



WELL - THIS - THIS GRISSAC CAN'T BE A PHANTOM, CAPTAIN HARTLEY!

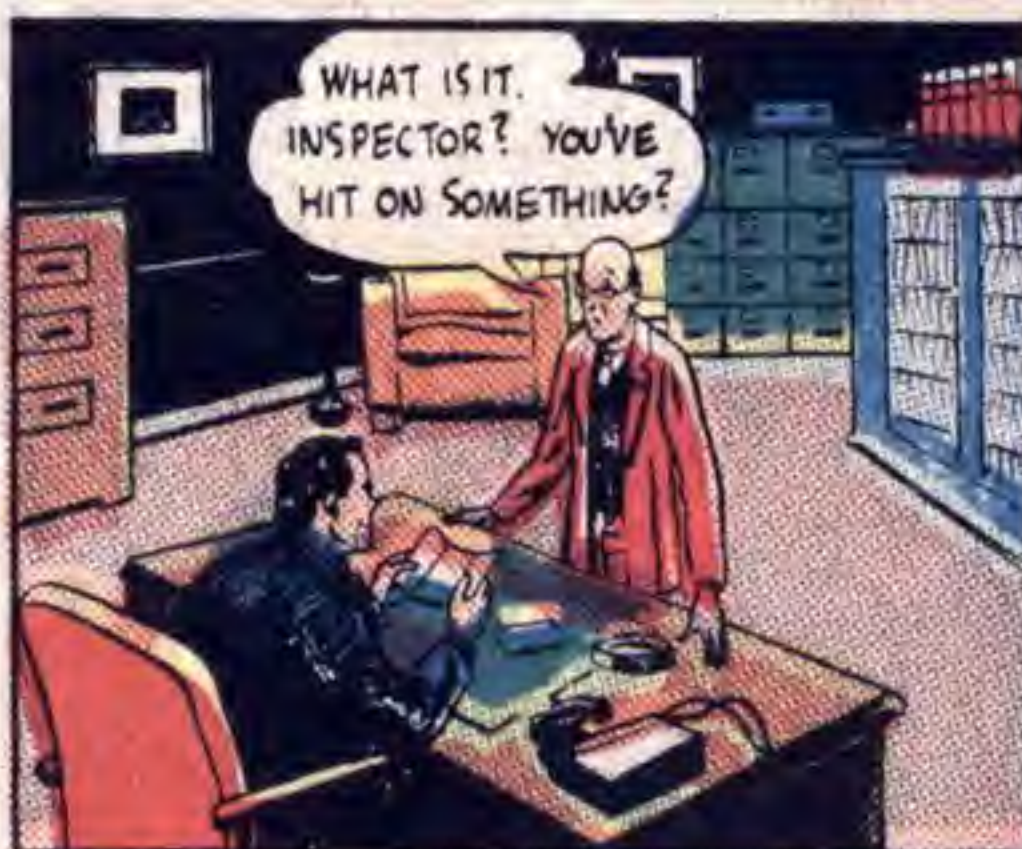


THAT IS EXACTLY THE POINT, MR. MORRIS! HE WORKS JUST LIKE A PHANTOM — SO SWIFTLY, SO CUNNINGLY, THAT YOU ARE NOT EVEN AWARE OF HIS PRESENCE!!



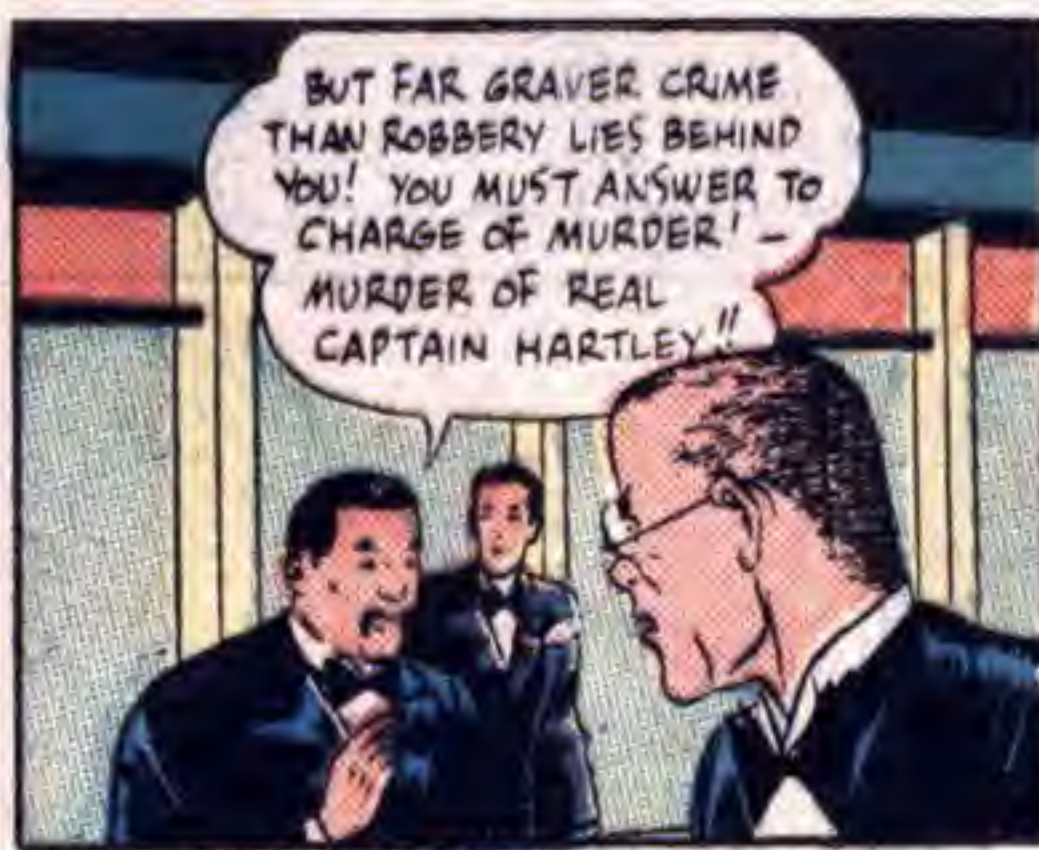




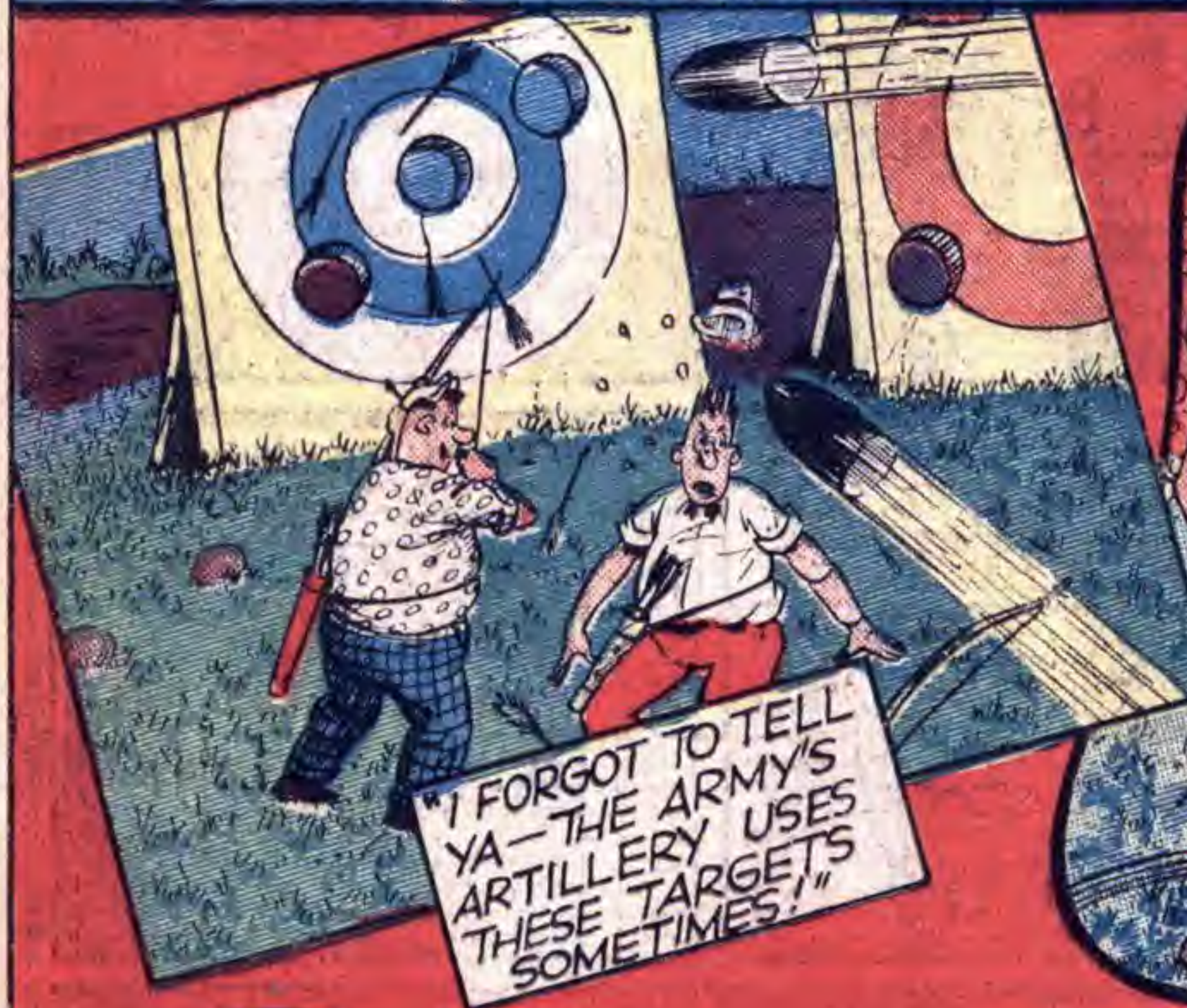








OFF SIDE ~ BY Jo Metzer



WHEN YOUR DAD WAS A KID, MORE THAN LIKELY HE'D BOAST OF HIS SPEED AND HIS STOPS, AND HOW FAR HE COULD COAST!



HE'LL BE SURE TO RECALL THAT HIS BIKE HAD A MORROW--THE COASTER-BRAKE LEADER, THEN, NOW AND TOMORROW!



MORROW COASTERS ARE USED BY ALL THE GOOD MAKES. HAVE ONE ON YOUR BIKE AND YOU'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!



AND LONG COASTING ISN'T ALL THE STORY. YOUR **MORROW** BRAKE PEDALS EASIER AND STOPS BETTER. THE PEOPLE THAT BUILD MOST OF AMERICA'S AUTOMOBILE BRAKES DIRECT THE MAKING OF MORROW COASTER BRAKES. THEY KNOW HOW! ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION OF BENDIX AVIATION CORP. 276 OAKWOOD DRIVE, ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

LALA PALOOZA



VINCENT, WE'VE BEEN INVITED TO MRS. GILTROCKS FOR THE WEEKEND!

SO WHAT?



SO I WANT YOU TO BE ABLE TO DO SOMETHING BESIDES DECORATE THE FURNITURE - I'VE BOUGHT YOU AN ARCHERY SET.



NOW, PRACTICE SHOOTING AT THE TARGET UNTIL YOU'RE PERFECT!

WHY?



THIS SEEMS AWFUL SILLY BUT LALA INSISTS--



I CAN'T HIT THE TARGET AN' I CAN'T FIND THE ARROWS AFTER I SHOOT 'EM.



MEADOWS, I WANT YOU TO PAY THE HELP - HERE ARE THE CHECKS--



GOLLY - I'M DOWN TO MY LAST TWO ARROWS.



ANOTHER ARROW LOST - I'VE ONLY ONE LEFT - IF I LOSE IT, I HAFTA QUIT!



--AND HERE IS YOUR CHECK, MEADOWS - I'VE RAISED YOUR SALARY TEN DOLLARS A MONTH.



YOW!

MEADOWS, CAN'T YOU THANK ME WITHOUT YELLING LIKE A WILD INDIAN?



HEY, LALA - I'LL HAFTA QUIT - I LOST MY LAST ARROW!

OH YEAH - WELL. WE'VE FOUND IT!

Gala palooza

LOOK, LALA—I
CUT THAT GUY'S
FACE OUT AN'
PASTED
MINE
IN!



AW—BUT SIS, I DON'T
WANT T'GET MY
PICTURE
PAINTED!

YOU HAVE TO, VINCENT—
IT'S SO ARISTOCRATIC
TO HAVE
FAMILY
PORTRAITS.



I WANT HIM
PAINTED IN A
VERY DIGNIFIED
POSE—
I'LL BE BACK
LATER---

OUI, MADAME, I WEEL PAINT
HEEM SO HE LOOK LIKE
ZE BANK
PRESIDENT!



MONSIEUR—
YOU WEEL SIT
IN ZE CHAIR
OR MUST
I USE
FORCE?

WELL, YOU'LL
HAFTA BE ABLE
T'FIGHT BETTER
THAN YOU
PAINT!

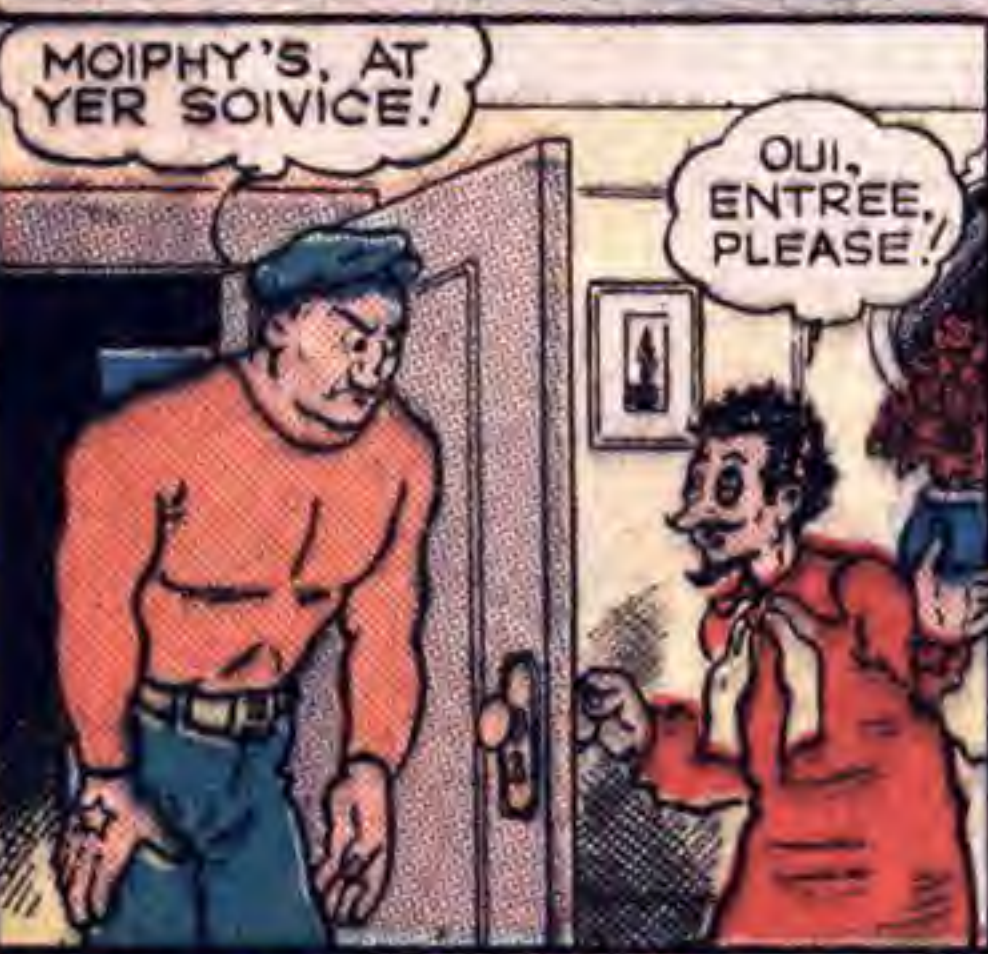


HALLO—EES THEESE
MURPHY ZE PIANO
MOVERS?---YOU
WEEL SEND ME ZE
STRONGEST MAN
YOU EMPLOY,
PLEASE---



MOIPHY'S, AT
YER SOIVICE!

OUI, ENTREE,
PLEASE!



BUT-HE EES
GONE!
WHERE IS
HE?
HE HAS
ESCAPE!

WHAT'S DAT
UP THERE?



THERE
HE IS!
GET HEEM
DOWN!

OKAY—
SLIP ME A
LADDER AN'
SOME
ROPE!



I'M JUST DYING T'SEE
VINCENT'S PORTRAIT—
I DO HOPE HE LOOKS
DISTINGUISHED!



YOUR BROTHER IS A
MOST DIFFICULT
SUBJECT!



Lala Palooza



10:30 Arose early and took a cold shower...



11:00 Motored down town



12:00 Contemplated big construction project.



1:00 P.M. - Partook of a rather hurried lunch...



2:00 Sat down for some quiet meditation...



3:00 Experienced some legal difficulties



4:00 Studied advanced English and Banking



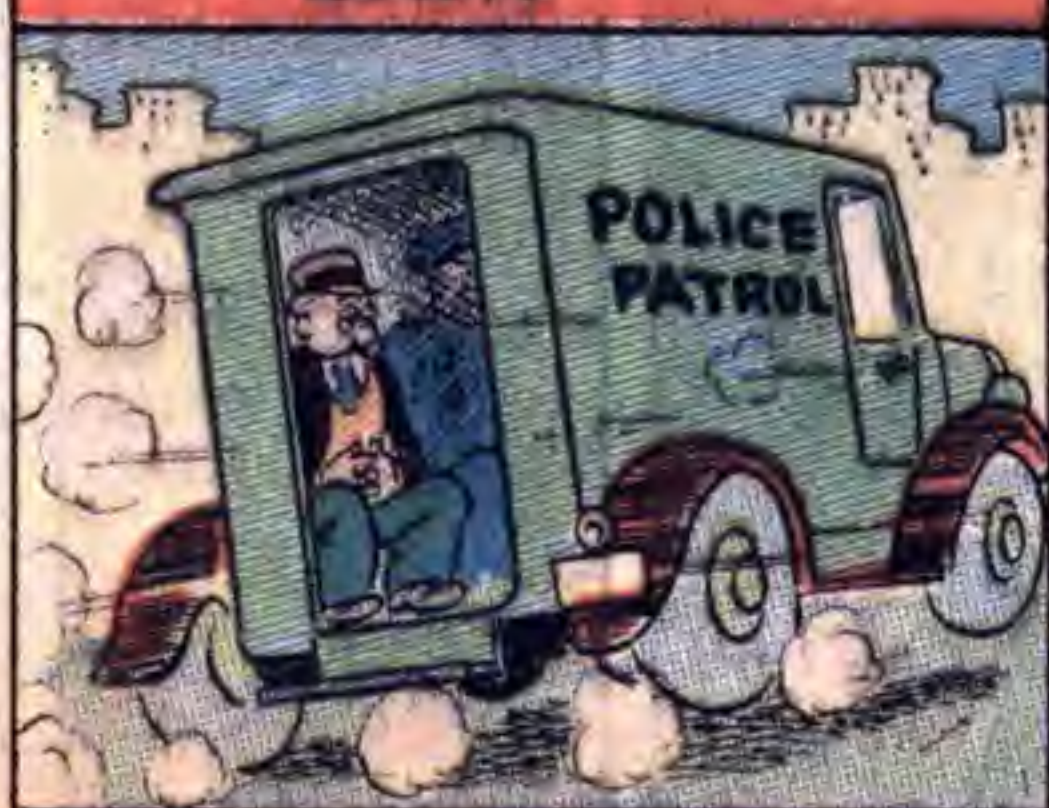
5:00 Dabbled in a bit of decorative art



6:00 Indulged in quaint American pastime



7:00 Motored across town



8:00 Was presented at court



9:00 Spent quiet evening thinking of Lala.



RANCE KEANE

"THE KNIGHT
of
THE WEST"

by
WILL ARTHUR

RANCE AND 'CHAPS' ARE HEADED FOR THE TOWN OF WAGONWHEEL TO SEE JIM TOWNE, A BOYHOOD CHUM OF RANCE'S, WHOM HE HASN'T SEEN FOR SIX YEARS. JIM HAD BEEN AT SCHOOL IN THE EAST WHEN HIS FATHER'S SUDDEN DEATH MADE IT NECESSARY FOR HIM TO COME AND TAKE OVER THE RANCH!

YOU SURE KNOW THE LAY OF THE LAND HEREABOUTS, RANCE!!

I OUGHT TO-I WAS RAISED HERE, AND THE COUNTRY HASN'T CHANGED MUCH IN THE SIX YEARS I'VE BEEN AWAY!!



HERE WE ARE! I WONDER IF JIM HAS GOTTEN INTO TOWN YET-THINK I'LL INQUIRE AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE!!

I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE!

HOTEL

ON ENTERING THE OFFICE RANCE RECOGNIZES THE STURDY WESTERNER BEHIND THE DESK-

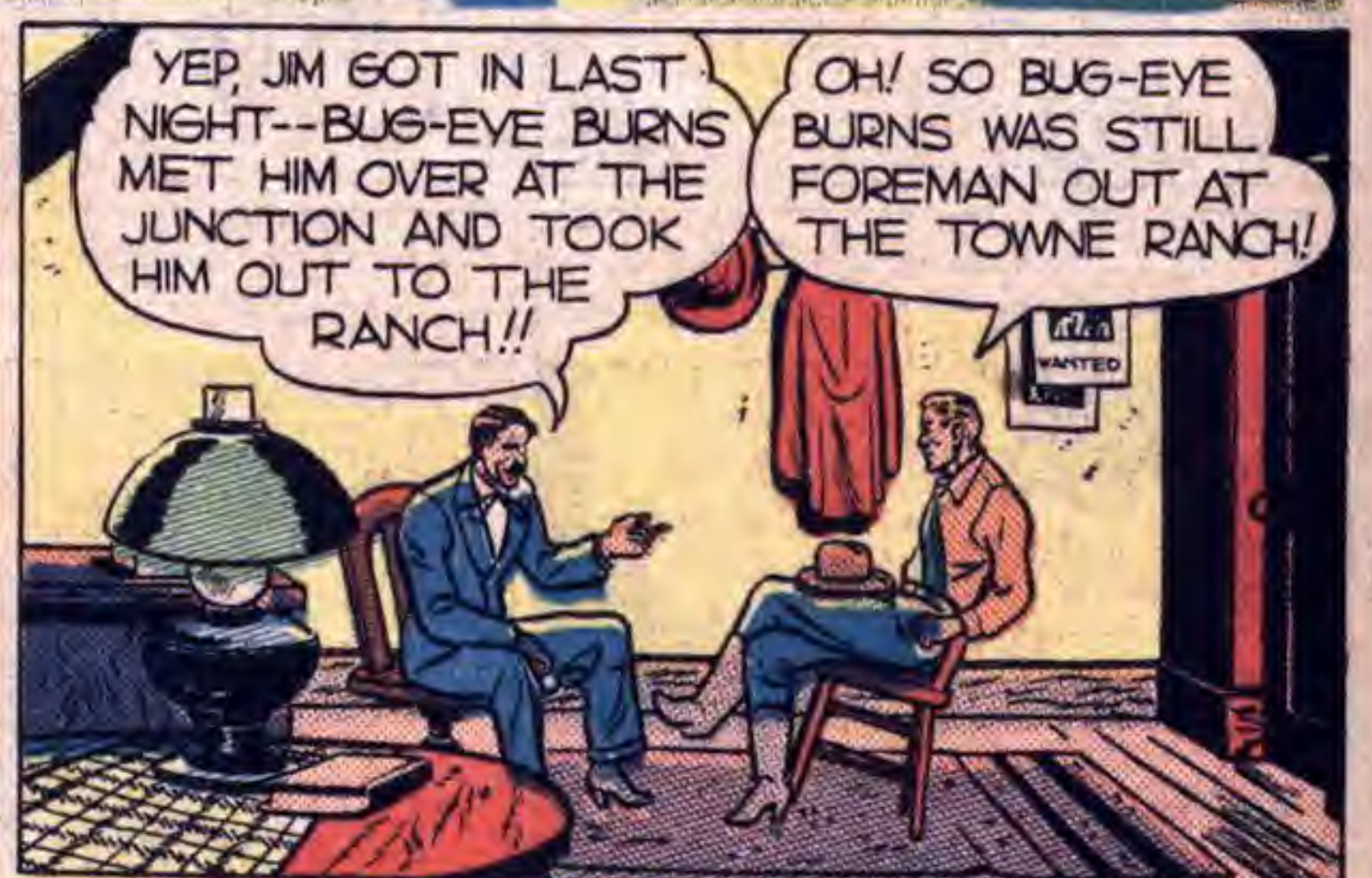


HOWDY, DAN WILCOX!! YOU STILL THE LAW HERE?

GREAT GOPHERS!- IT'S TED KEANE'S BOY! HOW ARE YA, RANCE?



FINE DAN-AND I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU!! HEARD ABOUT JIM TOWNE'S FATHER AND HOW JIM WAS COMING OUT TO TAKE OVER THE RANCH!



YEP, JIM GOT IN LAST NIGHT--BUG-EYE BURNS MET HIM OVER AT THE JUNCTION AND TOOK HIM OUT TO THE RANCH!!

OH! SO BUG-EYE BURNS WAS STILL FOREMAN OUT AT THE TOWNE RANCH!



HOW DOES JIM LOOK, DAN?

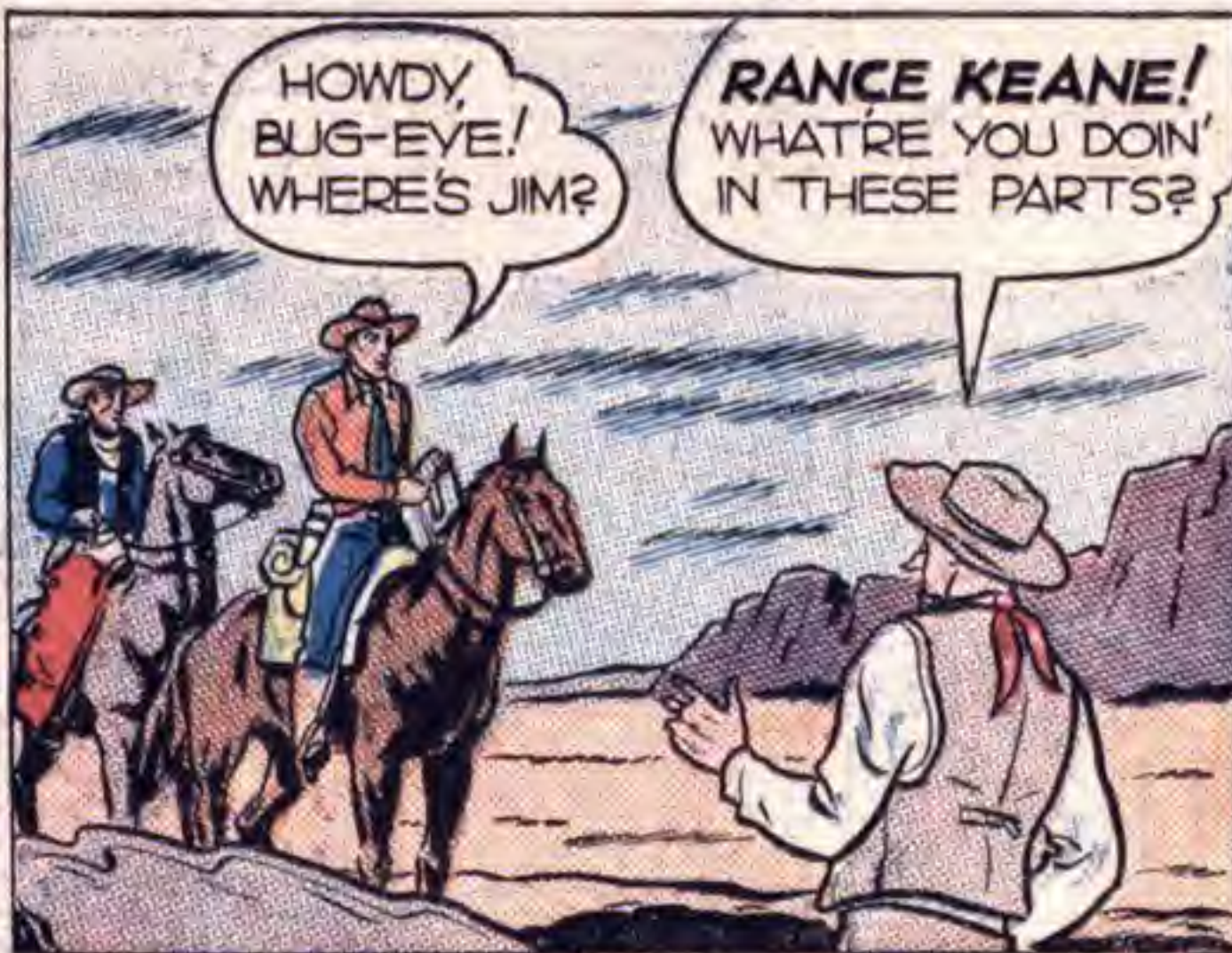
WELL, SIX YEARS CAN CHANGE A HOMBRE, BUT I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE SUCH A CHANGE IN JIM!! HE DOESN'T SEEM LIKE THE SAME PERSON!



THAT'S FUNNY-- WELL SHERIFF I THINK I'LL BE GETTING ON OUT- I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE JIM!

RANCE TAKES HIS LEAVE OF DAN WILCOX, AND HE AND CHAPS SPUR THEIR MOUNTS TOWARD THE TOWNE RANCH

AS THEY APPROACH THE RANCH, RANCE SEES A FIGURE WHOM HE RECOGNIZES AS BUG-EYE BURNS, THE RANCH FOREMAN---

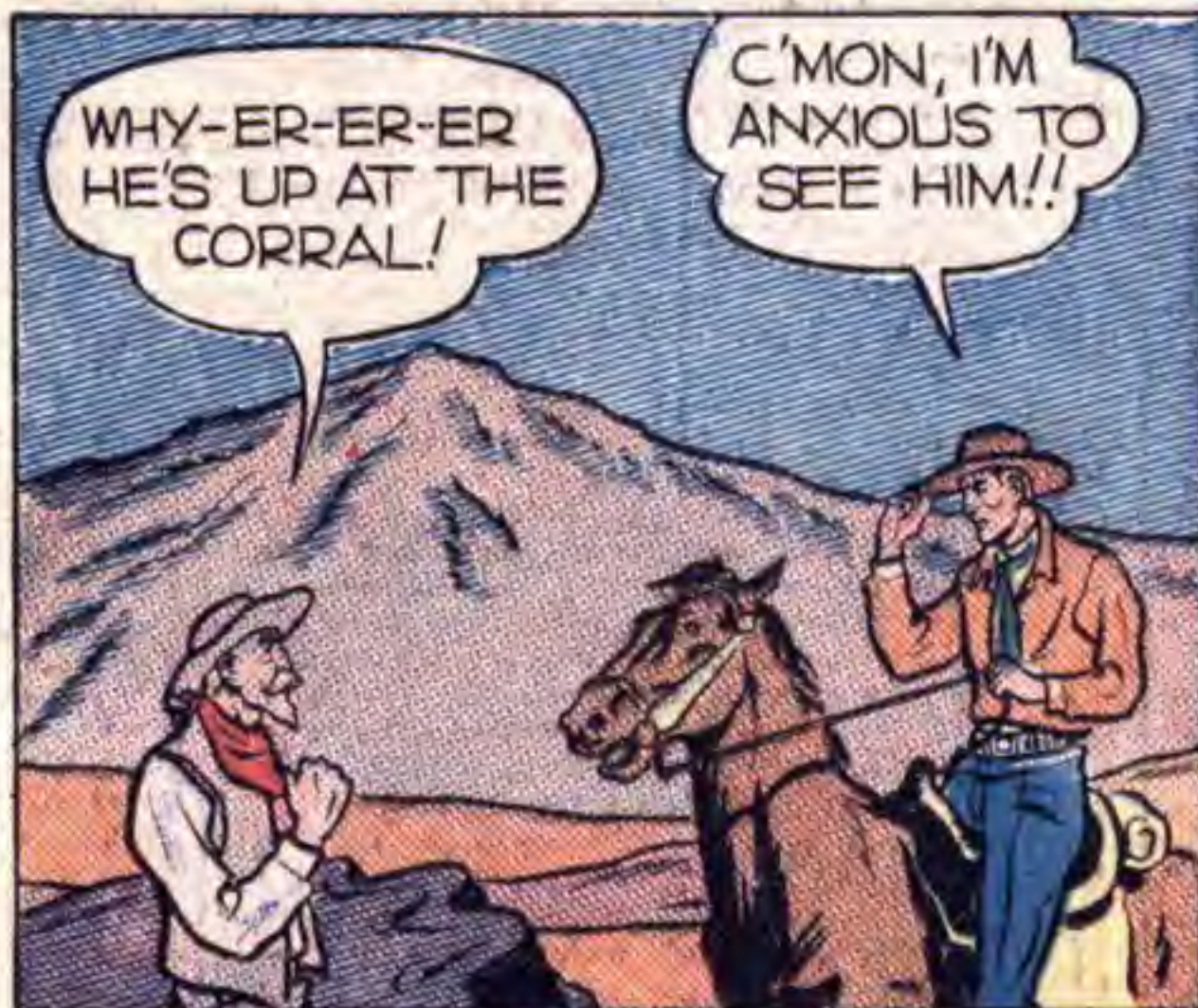


I HEARD JIM WAS COMING, SO I RODE DOWN FROM TOMBSTONE TO SEE HIM! IS HE AROUND?

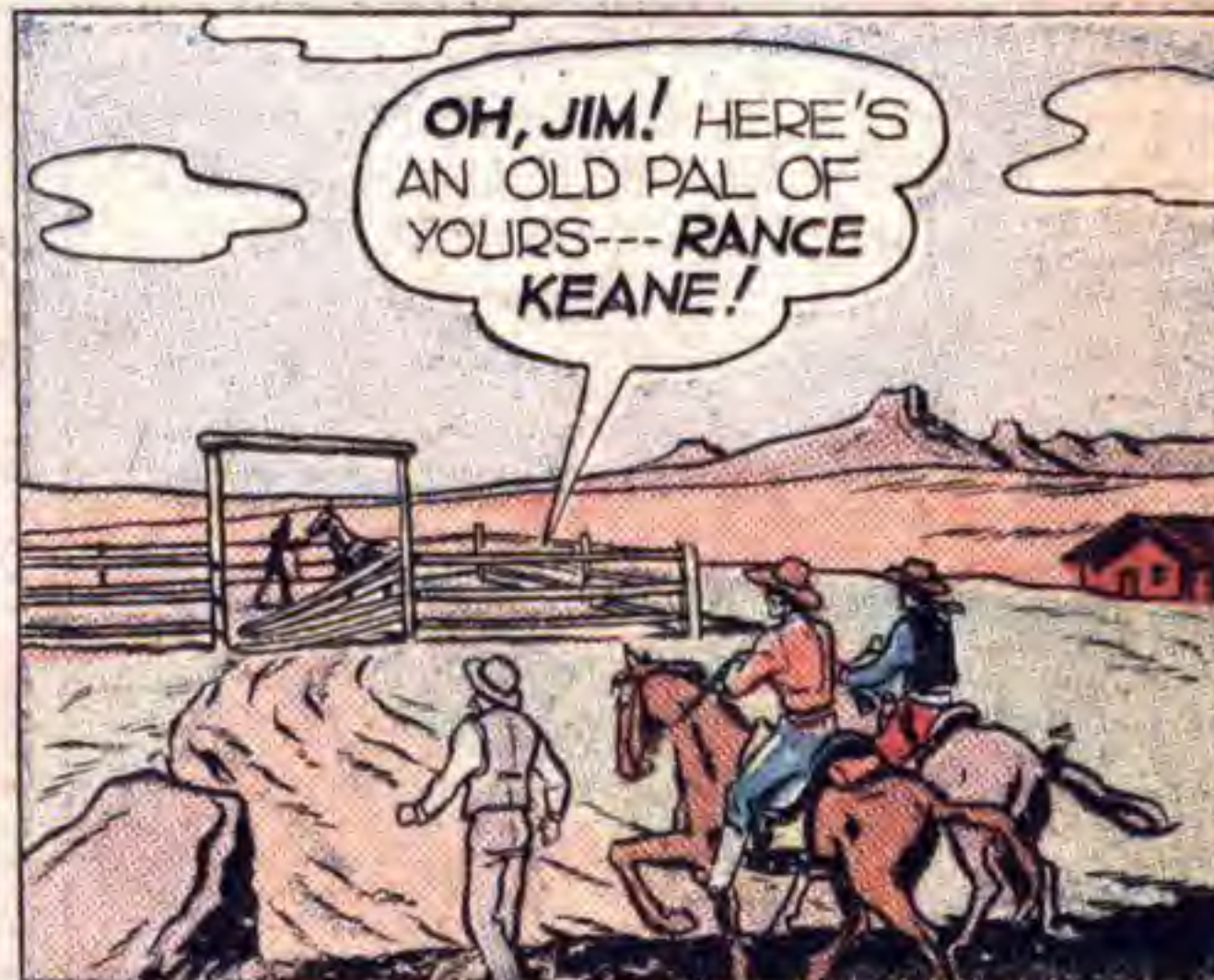


WHY-ER-ER-ER HE'S UP AT THE CORRAL!

C'MON, I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM!!



AS THEY APPROACH THE CORRAL, BUG-EYE YELLS OUT TO JIM--



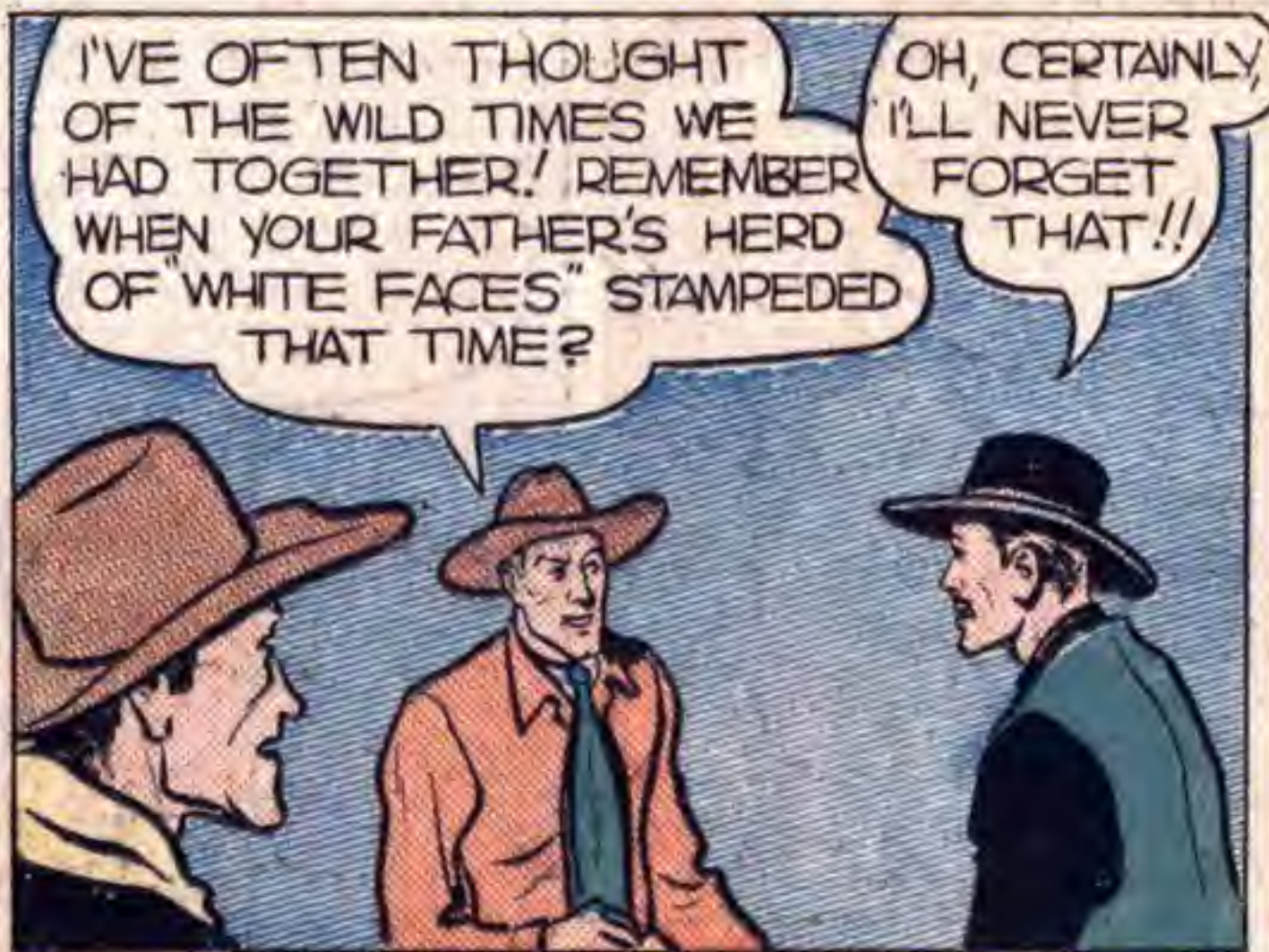
HI THERE, JIM! I'M SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!!

OH-AH-YES-- HOW ARE YOU, RANCE?



I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF THE WILD TIMES WE HAD TOGETHER! REMEMBER WHEN YOUR FATHER'S HERD OF "WHITE FACES" STAMPEDED THAT TIME?

OH, CERTAINLY, I'LL NEVER FORGET THAT!!



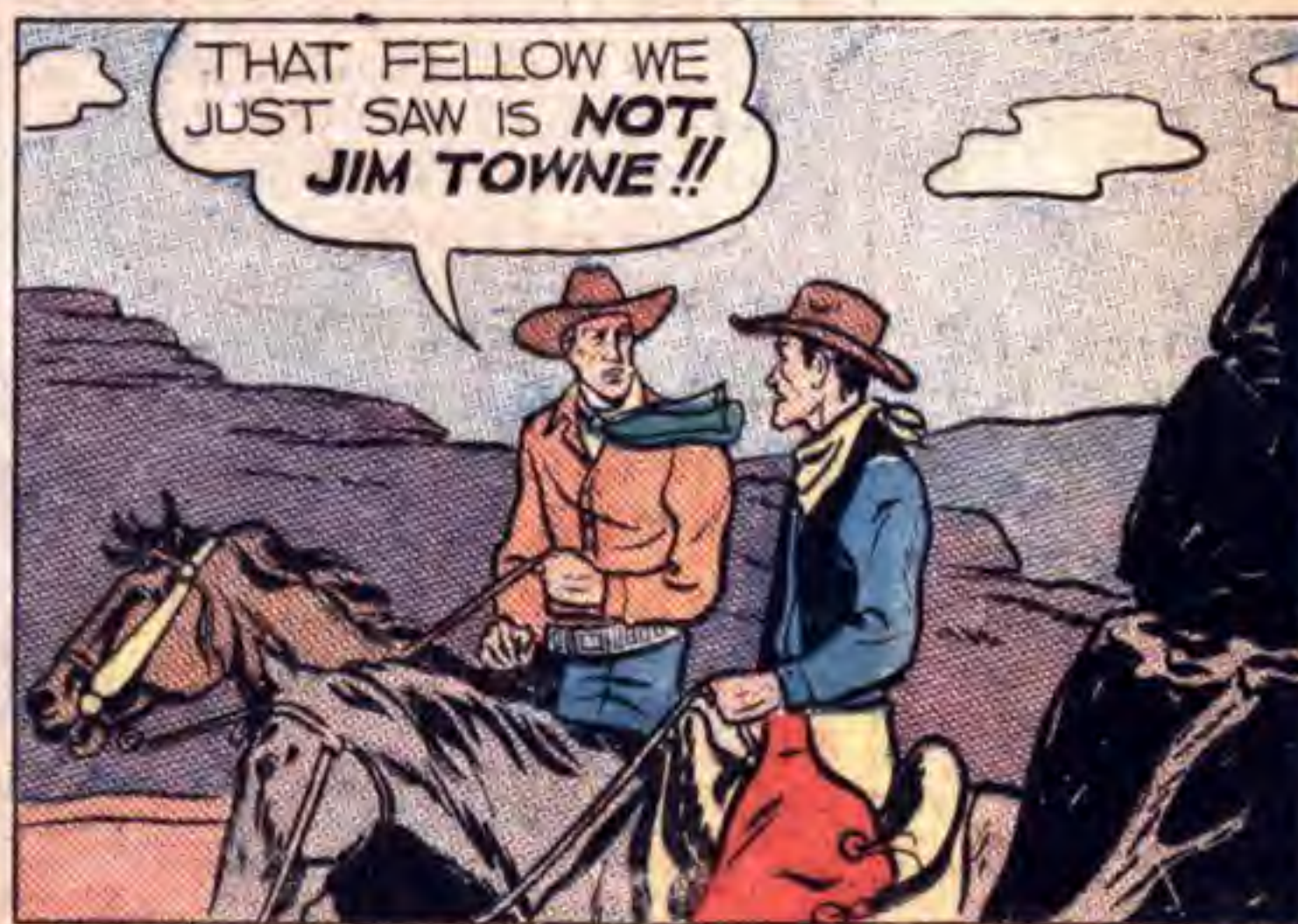
AFTER A SHORT CONVERSATION, RANCE AND CHAPS LEAVE, WITH THE UNDERSTANDING THAT THEY'LL COME OUT THE NEXT DAY---

Y'KNOW, CHAPS--- THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER GOING ON AROUND HERE!!

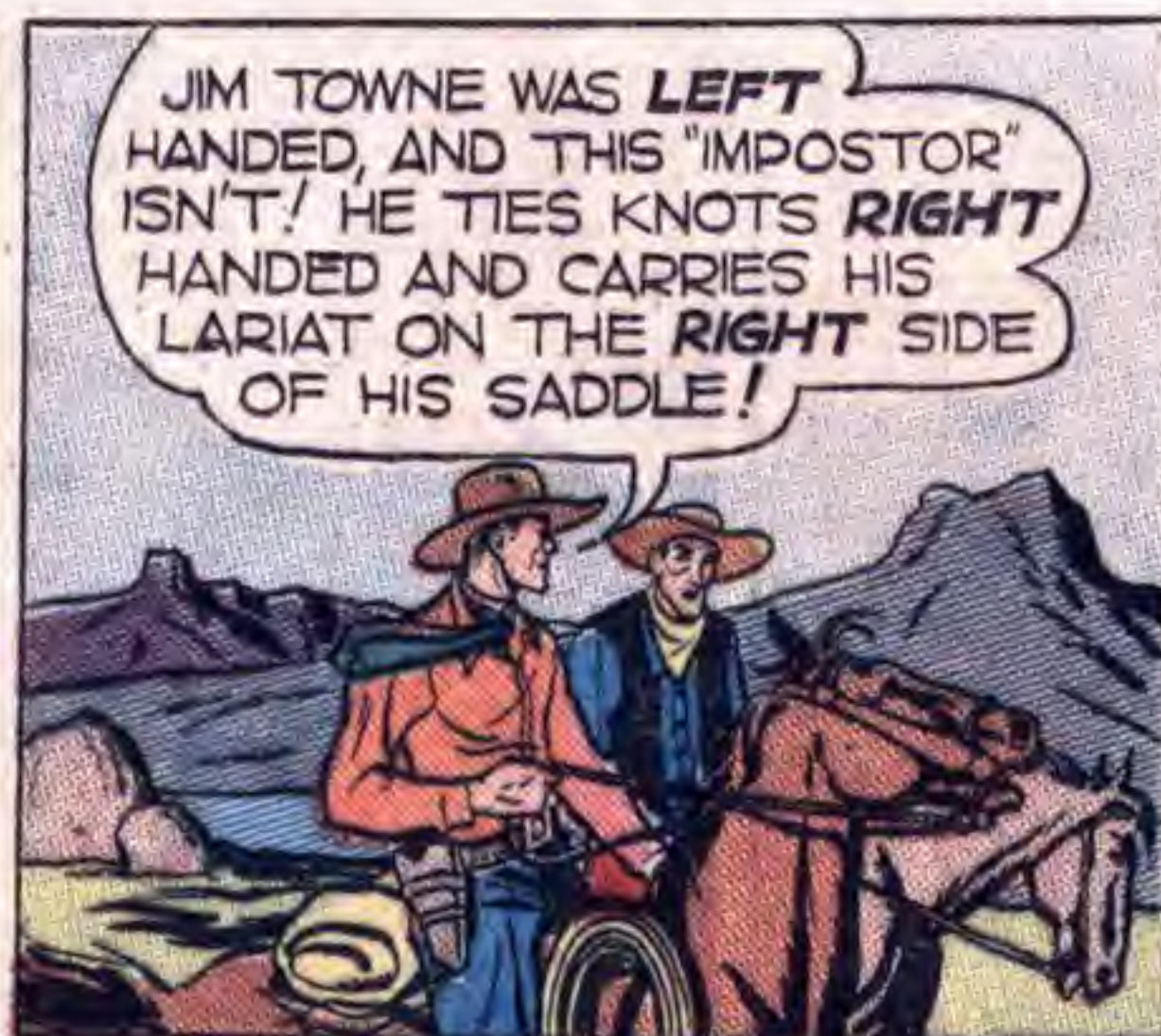
W-WHY?



THAT FELLOW WE JUST SAW IS **NOT** JIM TOWNE!!



RANCE'S
STARTLINE
REMARK
ON THE
IDENTITY
OF "JIM
TOWNE"
SURPRISES
THE WIDE-EYED
CHAPS---



JIM TOWNE WAS **LEFT**
HANDED, AND THIS "IMPOSTOR"
ISN'T! HE TIES KNOTS **RIGHT**
HANDED AND CARRIES HIS
LARIAT ON THE **RIGHT** SIDE
OF HIS SADDLE!



WHEN I NOTICED **THAT**, I THOUGHT
I'D MAKE SURE SO I MADE UP THAT
STORY HE "REMEMBERED" ABOUT THE
STAMPEDE---JIM'S FATHER NEVER
OWNED ANY WHITEFACE CATTLE!!



WHAT'RE YA
GONNA DO?

I DON'T KNOW--
I SUPPOSE WE SHOULD
CHECK UP WITH THE
SHERIFF---

RANCE AND CHAPS
RIDE INTO TOWN--
THEY DISMOUNT
AND START FOR
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE--SUDDENLY
THEY ARE
APPROACHED BY
AN OLD INDIAN
WHO HAD BEEN
BEFRIENDED BY
JIM TOWNE'S
FATHER ON
MANY
OCCASIONS---



WELL, IF
IT ISN'T JOE
BIGFEATHER!

'LO, MR. RANCE!
NO SEE YOU FOR
MANY SUMMERS!
HEAP GLAD TO
HEAR YOU HERE--
ME COME SEE
YOU RIGHT AWAY!



I'M GLAD
YOU DID,
JOE--

ME GOT BIG
SPECIAL NEWS 'BOUT
JIM TOWNE!! ME TRAIL
BUG-EYE BURNS
TO MOUNTAINS---



--HIM KEEP **REAL** JIM
TOWNE IN SHACK UP
THERE! ME TELL YOU
MR. RANCE 'CAUSE
NOBODY BELIEVE
POOR INDIAN--

WHAT! YOU'VE
FOUND JIM
TOWNE? WHERE
IS THIS SHACK
?

THE INDIAN
HAS A
CRUDELY
DRAWN MAP
SHOWING
THE SHACK'S
LOCATION



RANCE THANKS
THE INDIAN,
STUFFS THE
MAP INTO HIS
POCKET, AND
RUSHES INTO
THE SHERIFF'S
OFFICE---

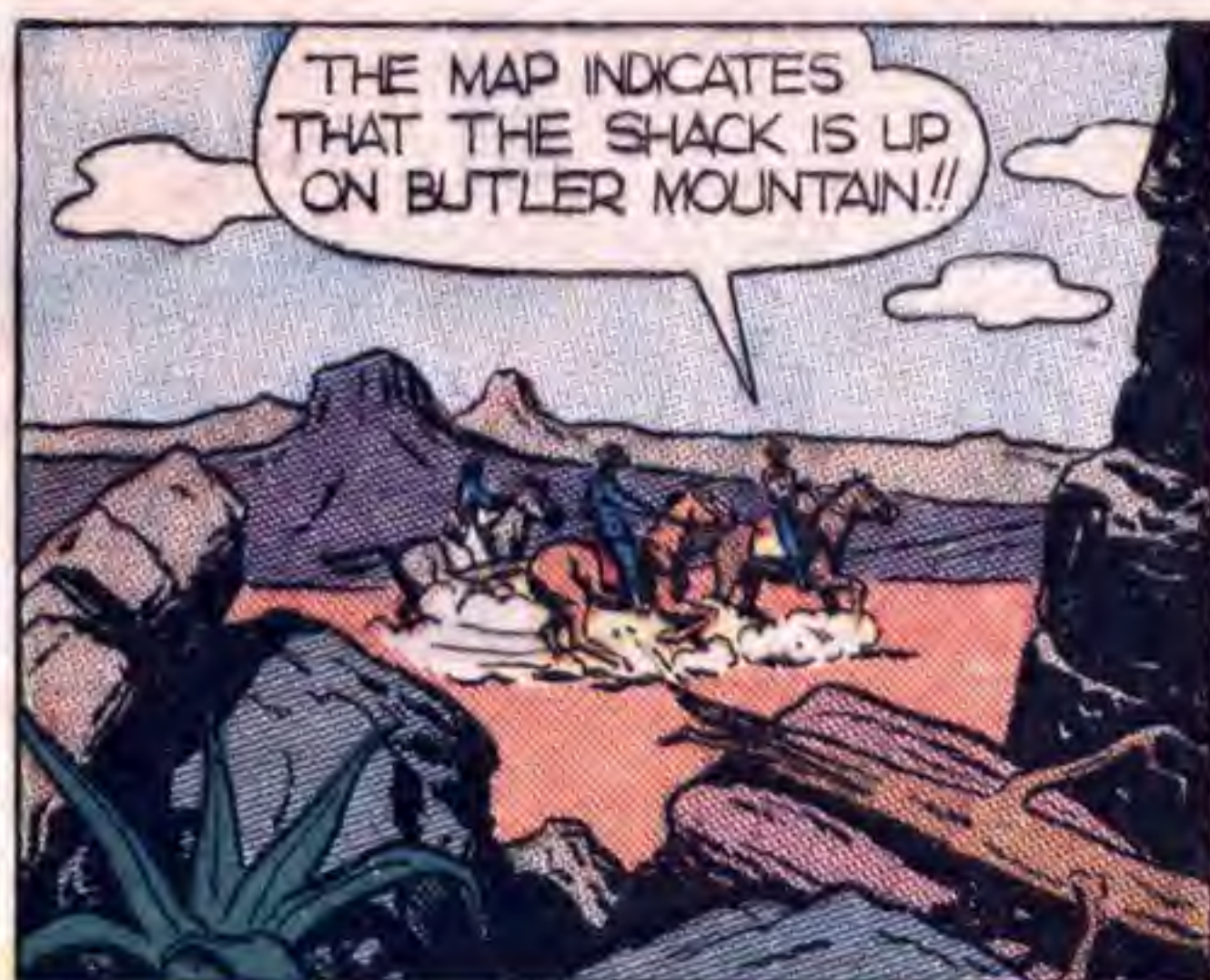


DAN! COME QUICK!
THE **REAL** JIM
TOWNE IS BEING
HELD CAPTIVE IN
A MOUNTAIN SHACK!

EH? WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT?



THAT HOMBRE OUT AT THE
TOWNE RANCH ISN'T JIM
TOWNE! HE'S AN
IMPOSTOR TRYING
TO WORK SOME
SCHEME WITH THE
HELP OF BUG-EYE
BURNS---



MEANWHILE, THE TWO SWINDLERS HAVE BECOME ALARMED BY THE PRESENCE OF RANCE KEANE IN THE TOWN, AND HAVE DECIDED TO PUT THE REAL JIM TOWNE OUT OF THE WAY! THEY ARE AT THE SHACK---



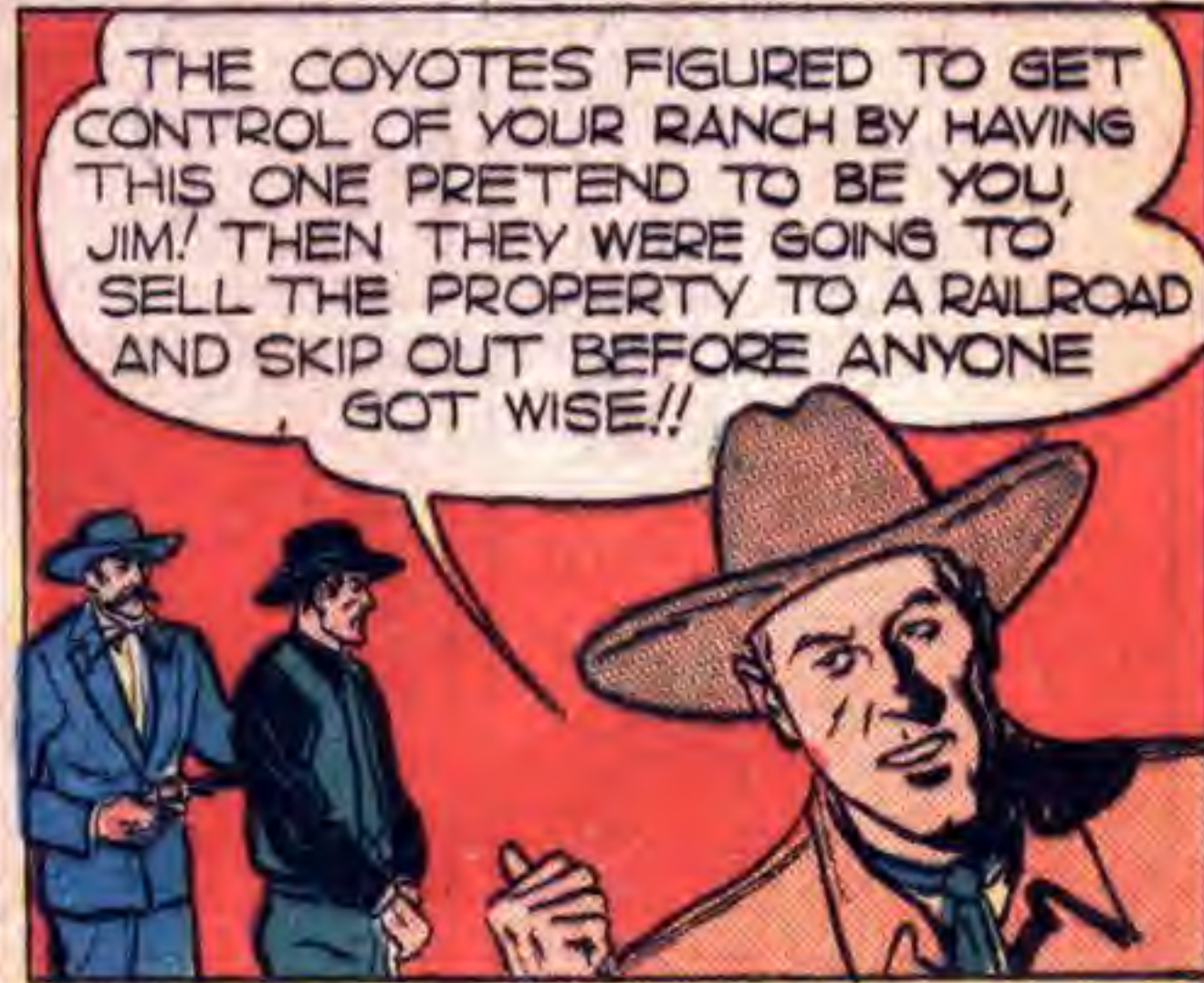
THEY MARCH JIM AT THE POINT OF A GUN TO THE EDGE OF A CLIFF---



THEY COME IN SIGHT JUST AS THE TWO ARE READY TO SEND JIM TO HIS DEATH--- BUG-EYE TURNS HIS GUN TO FIRE ON THE APPROACHING HORSEMEN, BUT JIM SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO--

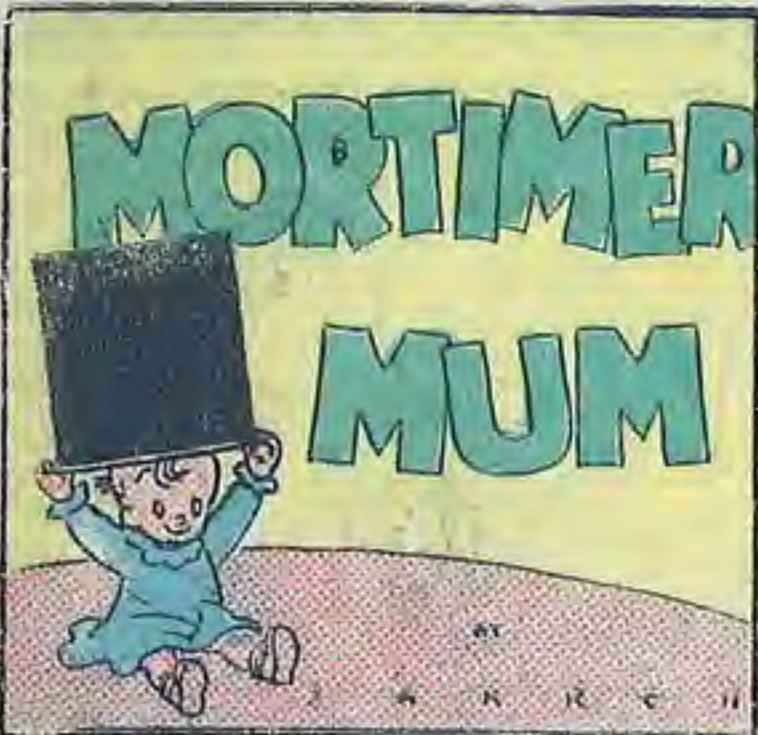
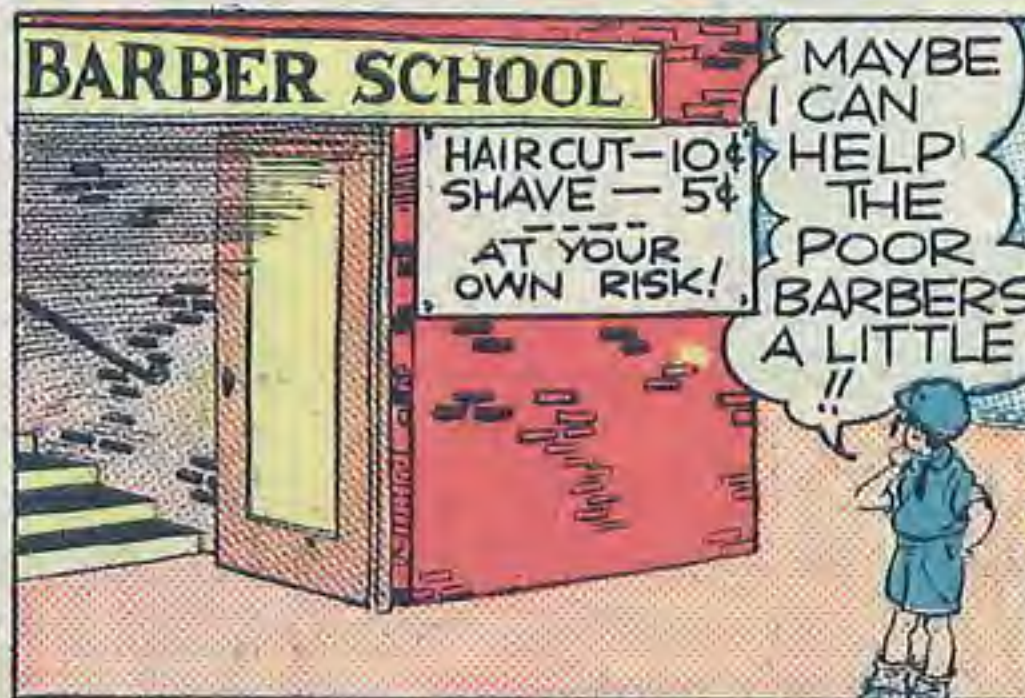
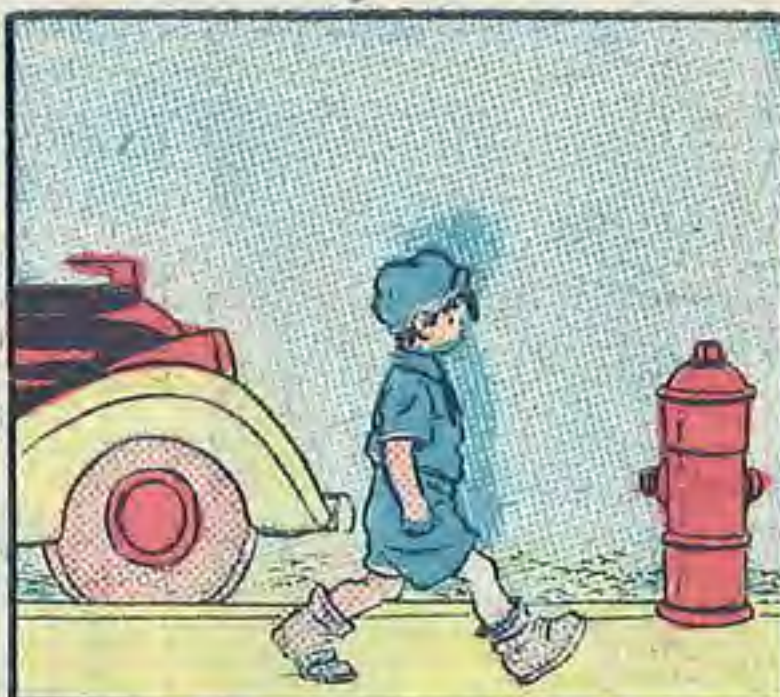


WITH BUG-EYE UNCONSCIOUS, THE OTHER OUTLAW SURRENDERS



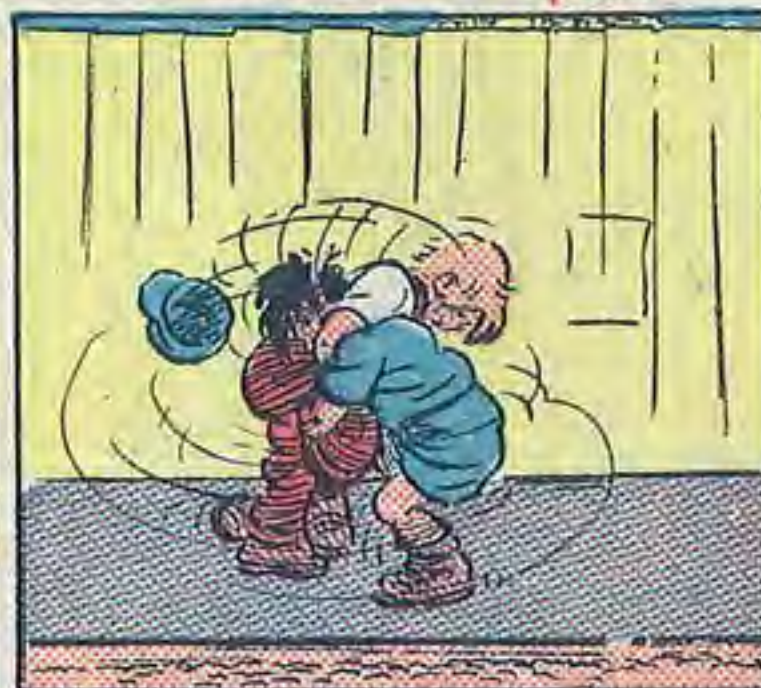
TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX

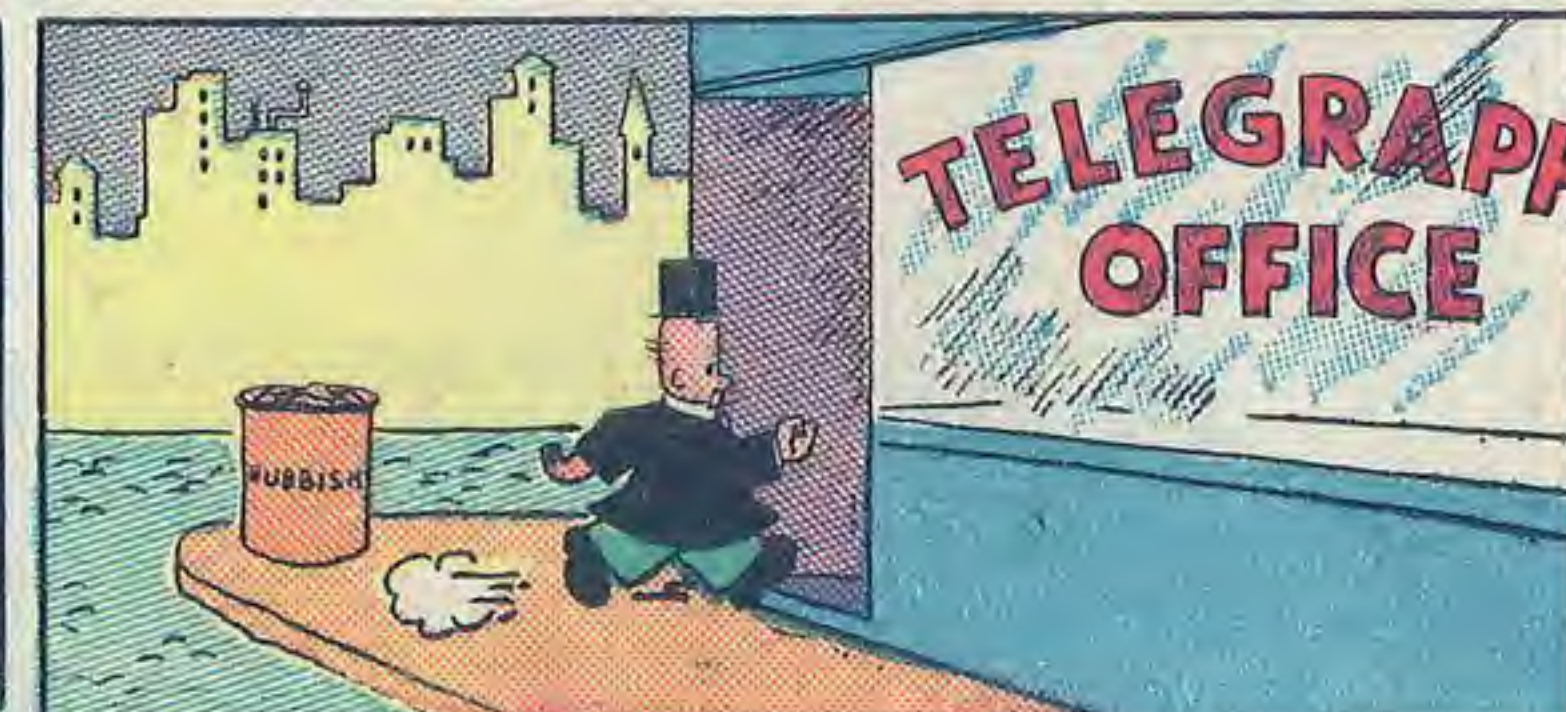
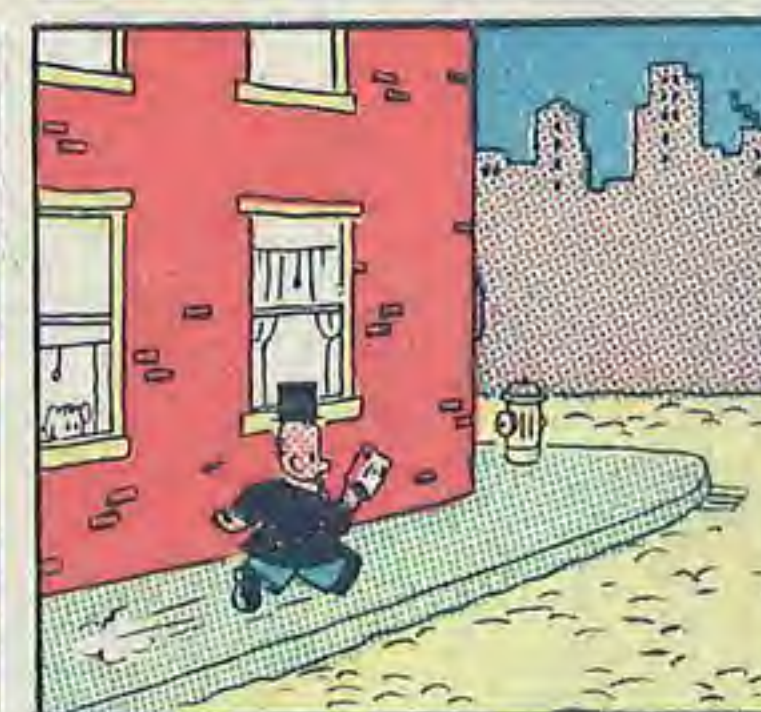
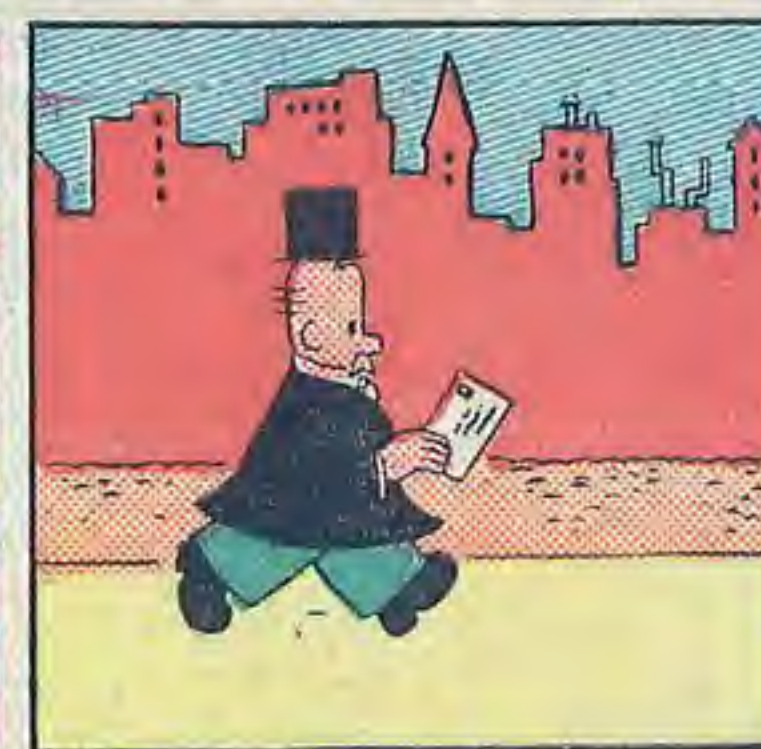


TODDY

BY
GEORGE MARCOUX



MORTIMER MUM



Follow Toddy and Mortimer Mum in the October issue—on sale August 30th.

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

WHAT ARE YOUR T-MEN UP TO, MR. PORTER--AND WHY DID YOU WANT ME?

PLEASE CLOSE THE DOOR, MISS ARDEN--WE ARE ON THE TRAIL OF THE BIGGEST JEWEL THIEF IN HISTORY!

SOME OF THE GREAT-EST JEWELS IN EUROPE HAVE BEEN SMUGGLED INTO THIS U.S. BY THIS MAN WITH THE SCAR!!

I'VE READ OF HIM--NOONE KNOWS HIS NAME, EH?

WE'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO TRAIL HIM--BUT HIS STOLEN STUFF TURNS UP HERE ALWAYS!!

NOW WE ARE GOING TO BACK-TRACK HIM--WITH YOUR HELP---

WE KNOW THIS--THE JEWELS ARE SOLD THROUGH BARNABY RUCKER, A FENCE!!

IS A FAMOUS PLACE!!

SURE--WE AREN'T JUST DEALING WITH ORDINARY CROOKS IN THIS CASE!!

SO, YOU ARE GOING TO POSE AS A CROOK--YOU'VE STOLEN THIS BRACELET AND WILL TRY TO SELL IT TO THIS RUCKER!!

EMERALDS!! BUT, CAN I GET AWAY WITH IT, CHIEF?

WOULDN'T HE KNOW ALL ABOUT A RARE PIECE LIKE THIS?

YES--RUCKER WILL RECOGNIZE IT--IT WAS STOLEN LAST MONTH BY FERRET MALONE!

WHERE IS MALONE NOW?

HE'S DEAD--BUT ONLY WE T-MEN KNOW IT!!

LET RUCKER BELIEVE YOU STOLE IT FROM FERRET--IT'S THE ONLY WAY WE CAN GET ON THE INSIDE!!

I WOULD LIKE TO SEE MR. BARNABY RUCKER, PLEASE--

HIS OFFICE IS ON THE SECOND FLOOR--YOU MUST SEND UP YOUR NAME.

WHY DAN'L OUT THERE IS DYIN' TO MARRY ME!!

WHY, LENA--IF YO' DON'T MARRY ME MAH HEART WILL JIST BUST!

OH, SAM'L!! SAY THAT AGAIN--SAY THAT AGAIN!!

SAY WHUT? HEY--WHAT'S AILIN' YA, GAL?

YEEOWW!! SAY, LENA--HOLD YORE HOSSES!!

SMACK!!

GALS SHUN'T BE SO FRISKY!

PARSON!! FETCH LENA OUT H'YAR--WAL, DO I MARRY IN-SIDE OR OUT THAR?

THERE'LL BE A WEDDIN' JUST AS SOON AS I CAN FIX A VEIL!

WHUT'S A VEIL? MORE FANCY DOODADS T'WEAR?

WHY--IT'S A THING A BRIDE WEARS OVER HER FACE!!

HMM--GUESS THAT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA FER SOME FACES, EH?

JANE ARDEN'S STYLES FOR MEN

JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE NOW MEETS THE FAMOUS BARNABY RUCKER

NO-I'M SELLING SOMETHING !!

AH, MISS ARDEN - YOU WISHED TO BUY SOMETHING ?

SORRY-I BUY FROM ABROAD! MY BUSINESS HERE IS TO SELL!

I THINK YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN WHAT I'M SELLING - BUT FIRST CLOSE THE DOOR!

EMERALDS, MR. RUCKER-AND THE WORLD'S FINEST!

HMM, YES INDEED !!

THEY'RE WORTH A FORTUNE, EH?

ONLY THE ROCKBILT BRACELET COMPARES WITH THIS, AND--

THAT IS THE ROCK-BILT PIECE! SURPRISED?

YES-BUT NOT INTERESTED AS A BUYER OF IT AT THIS TIME---

I'D WANT A BILL OF SALE FROM MR. ROCKBILT HIMSELF!! THIS IS A REPUTABLE FIRM, MISS !!

A MAN I KNOW JUST THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED-A MR. FERRET-MALONE!

I NEVER HEARD OF HIM! PLEASE EXCUSE ME-I'M A VERY BUSY MAN, MISS ARDEN !!

I'M SORRY -- I THOUGHT FROM WHAT FERRET SAID WE MIGHT DO BUSINESS - OH WELL---

QUICK, STEVE! FOLLOW HER- IF SHE'S WHAT SHE SEEMS TO BE THE ROCKBILT BRACELET IS AS GOOD AS OURS RIGHT NOW !!!

I'LL SEE WHERE SHE GOES, AND WHO SHE MEETS !!

LENA PRY

AS DAN'L AND THE PERKIS-ERS WAIT OUTSIDE FOR LENA

WONDER WHUT KEEPS TH' PARSON IN THAR SO LONG?

LONG AS THEY KEEP 'IM IN THAR DAN'L CAN'T GIT MARRIED OUT HEAH!

HEY, PARSON! WHUT IN TARNATION'S KEEPIN' YO' DOWN WITH 'EM CRITTERS ?

AH CAN'T LEAVE-AH GOT MARRYIN' T'DO IN HEAH !!

LENA'S TH' ONLY GAL IN THET CABIN, BOYS!

WHUT? HER A-MARRYIN' UP WITH A NO 'COUNT FUDDY ?

OHH!! AN' HER SICH A DANDY COOK !!

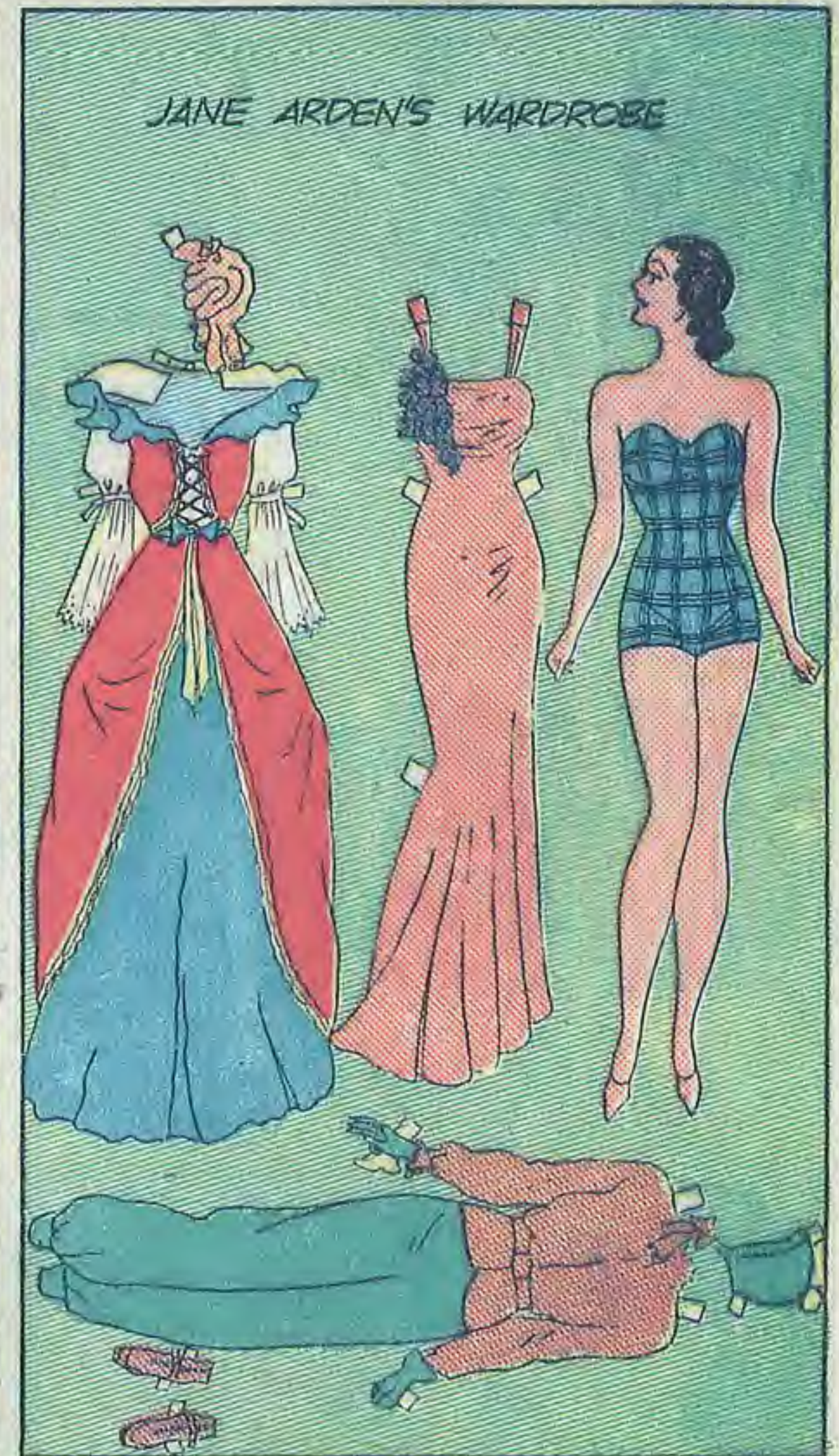
THAT MARRYIN'S GOTTA STOP!

IF WE COULD ONLY GIT TH' PARSON OUTA THAR--

BOYS!!-I GOT IT! NOW LISSSEN TA THIS--

HEY, PARSON-- TH' POSSUM IS COOKED-- COME AN' GIT IT!!

POSSUM!



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Harrett and Russell E. Ross

JANE DOESN'T KNOW THAT SHE IS FOLLOWED BY RUCKER'S MAN —



THAT RUCKER WILL BE HARD TO TRAP!



MR. PORTER IS WAITING FOR ME — BUT I'M NOT TO LET ON I KNOW HIM---



HE'S NOT TO SPEAK 'TIL HE'S SURE I'M NOT FOLLOWED!

HA-HA!! THAT SMART GAL WON'T GIVE ME THE SLIP!!



HMM—SO THIS FELLOW IS JANE'S SHADOW



PORTER HAS LEFT MY INSTRUCTIONS ON THIS PAD!!



You are followed by the man with the checkered coat. See if you can slip the bracelet into his pocket without his knowing it—I'll do the rest!



A CROWDED ELEVATOR WILL GIVE ME MY BEST CHANCE—IF HE FOLLOWS ME---



OH--I'M SORRY!



SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D GIVE ME THE SLIP BY RIDING THE ELEVATORS, EH?



WELL, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!! NOW--WHERE'S THAT BRACE--LET??



YUM--YUM!! ROAST POSSUM!!

COME BACK, PARSON--OR AH'LL DRAW A BEAD ON YA!!



WHAR'S THET COOKED POSSUM, BOYS?

HAW-HAW!! THET GOT YA UP HERE IN A FLURRY, EH?



WE WUZ APOOLIN' YA, PARSON--THAR AIN'T NO POSSUM!! WE GOT YA OUTA THAR--

WHUT? NO COOKED POSSUM??



BOO HOO!! THET'S PLUMB SINFUL LYIN', BOYS--BOO HOO!

COME BACK HERE AN' FINISH THIS WEDDIN', PARSON! SAKES ALIVE--

GO FETCH 'IM, LENA--



HE AIN'T COMIN'!! IF THAR'S ANY MARRYIN' IT'LL BE RIGHT HEAH!! THAS THAT!!



WELL, IF YOU'RE COUNTIN' ON ME THERE WON'T BE A WEDDIN' OUT THERE!



IF YO' MUST WED RECKON ONE O' US PERKISERS IS A BETTER MAN THAN TEN LOW FUDDYS!

JANE ARDEN'S WARDROBE



JANE ARDEN

by Monte Barrett and Russell E. Ross

AFTER THE FAKE 'ARREST' JANE IS HUSTLED TO THE BUILDING MANAGER'S OFFICE



GUESS THEY TOOK HER IN THERE TO SEARCH HER!! THERE GOES THE BRACE-LET!!

NOW, SAY YOU GOT AWAY BECAUSE WE DIDN'T FIND THE BRACE-LET ON YOU!!



OH--I SEE NOW--

I HOLD HIM UP--TAKE BACK THE BRACELET, AND THEN HE AND RUCKER WILL SURELY THINK I'M A CROCK



HM!! I CAN JUST CATCH MY FRIEND!!

GUESS I'LL GO BACK AN' REPORT TO RUCKER--



W-WHAT? A STICK-UP?

BE QUIET IF YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HURT--GIVE ME THAT BRACELET!!



WHY--I HAVEN'T ANY BRACE-LET!!



IT'S IN YOUR RIGHT POCKET--HAND IT TO ME! AND DO IT QUICK!!



WHY--HOW DID IT GET THERE?

THE POLICE WERE AFTER ME AND I HAD TO HIDE IT SOMEWHERE--



OKAY--I WON'T SAY A WORD ABOUT IT!!

AND IF YOU WANT TO BE HEALTHY JUST KEEP QUIET ABOUT THIS---

CONTINUED



I CAME UP TO TELL YOU THAT I'M MARRYIN' SAM'L DOWN THERE!

YA CAN'T!! WE GOT TH' PARSON!!



PICK OUT ONE O' US!

YOU'RE ALL MARRIED 'CEPT DAN'L!

HAW! THET'S TH' IDEA, GAL!



MARRYIN' HIM AIN'T A CHANCE--IT'S A THREAT!

HMF! I WAS WILLIN' TA MAKE A SACRIFICE--BUT NOT AFTER THAT!



NOW YE'VE DONE IT, LENA! YE WENT AN' SPOILT YER CHANCE WITH DAN'L!

WHAT OF IT? I'M MARRYIN' SAM'L!



NOPE! YE AIN'T MARRYIN' A FUDDY--NO MA'AM!

LET'S WIPE 'EM OUT, BOYS!



D-DON'T SHOOT! I'LL EVEN WED DAN'L IF YOU DON'T HURT SAM'L!

HUH??

JANE ARDEN'S COSTUMES FOR MEN AND CHILDREN



Jane Arden is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS--on sale August 3 7th.

BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN

A WEEK AFTER THE TWO CROOKS, SAM STINGER AND "SILK" FOWLER, HAVE BEEN EXPOSED---

READ WHAT SHOWMAN'S MAGAZINE SAY ABOUT SILK FOWLER AND SAM STINGER, BOSS' HAL--

HMM--THE ARTICLE SAYS--- "IT'S GRAND TO KNOW THAT JEFF BANGS GOT BACK MOST OF THAT STOLEN MONEY---WHAT WILL JEFF DO TO THE CROOKED FOWLER WHEN HE GETS WELL? THE CIRCUS IS ON ITS WAY TO WINTER QUARTERS IN FLORIDA"

LISTEN, HUGO--THIS MAGAZINE CLIPPING SAYS--"IF THERE WERE MORE GOOD MANAGERS LIKE JEFF BANGS CIRCUS LIFE WOULD BE HAPPIER!"

MYRA, DEAR--WE'LL SOON BE AT WINTER QUARTERS, SO WE OUGHTA BEGIN MAKING OUR WEDDING PLANS!

AND LET'S HAVE THE CEREMONY IN THE "BIG TOP" WITH ALL THE TROUPERS THERE AS OUR GUESTS--- HUH?

OHH, HAL!!

AND A FEW MINUTES LATER---

BOSS, MYRA AND I WANT TO BE MARRIED AT SEMINOLA BEACH, RIGHT AFTER THE LAST SHOW!

FINE, HAL!!-- AND HERE'S A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER THAT JUST CAME FOR YOU!

GREAT GUNS! I MUST SEE MYRA AT ONCE!

DARLING--I JUST GOT A LETTER FROM THE MOVIE COMPANY--AND THEY WANT ME TO MAKE ANOTHER WEST-ERN FILM!!

OH---

BUT MY CONTRACT FORBIDS ME TO MARRY WHILE I'M SIGNED UP WITH THEM!

I--I FORGOT!!

THEN WE'LL JUST HAVE TO DELAY OUR WEDDING, HAL!

WHY I'LL CUT OUT THE MOVIE BUSINESS IF IT'S GOING TO INTERFERE WITH OUR PLANS, DEAR!

NO-NO-- YOU CAN'T DO THAT! JUST WHEN YOU ARE BECOMING FAMOUS, TOO--

GOSH, HAL-- MYRA TOLD ME THAT TH' MOVIES WOULD KEEP YA FROM BEIN' MARRIED THIS YEAR!

IT SURE LOOKS BAD, PARTNER-- BUT SHE MEANS MORE TO ME THAN THE MOVIES!

SAY! I GOT A IDEA, HAL-- WHY DON'T YA TALK IT OVER WITH OLD DAD STERLING-- HE HELPS EV'RYBODY!!

WELL, I'VE TOLD YOU THE STORY, DAD-- WHAT DO YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?

WELL, MAYBE THE FILM COMPANY WILL TAKE THAT "NO MARRIAGE" CLAUSE OUT----

OF YOUR CONTRACT-- IF THEY WON'T, TAKE MYRA RIGHT TO HOLLYWOOD WITH YOU AND EXPLAIN IT ALL TO THEM--

BUT WHAT IF THEY WANT TO HOLD ME TO THIS CONTRACT?

THEN ASK 'EM TO GIVE MYRA A SCREEN TEST --IF IT'S GOOD ASK THEM TO PUT HER IN THE PICTURE TOO!!

BIG TOP BY ED WHEELAN



Big Top is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.

OFF THE RECORD *By ED REED,*

ROLLS DEVELOPED

25c COIN

Two 5x7 Double Weight
Professional Enlargements
8 Gloss Prints.

CLUB PHOTO SERVICE

Dept. 20

LaCrosse, Wis.



"MISTER, WE
HEARD YOU
CALLING---
WHAT DID
YOU WANT?"

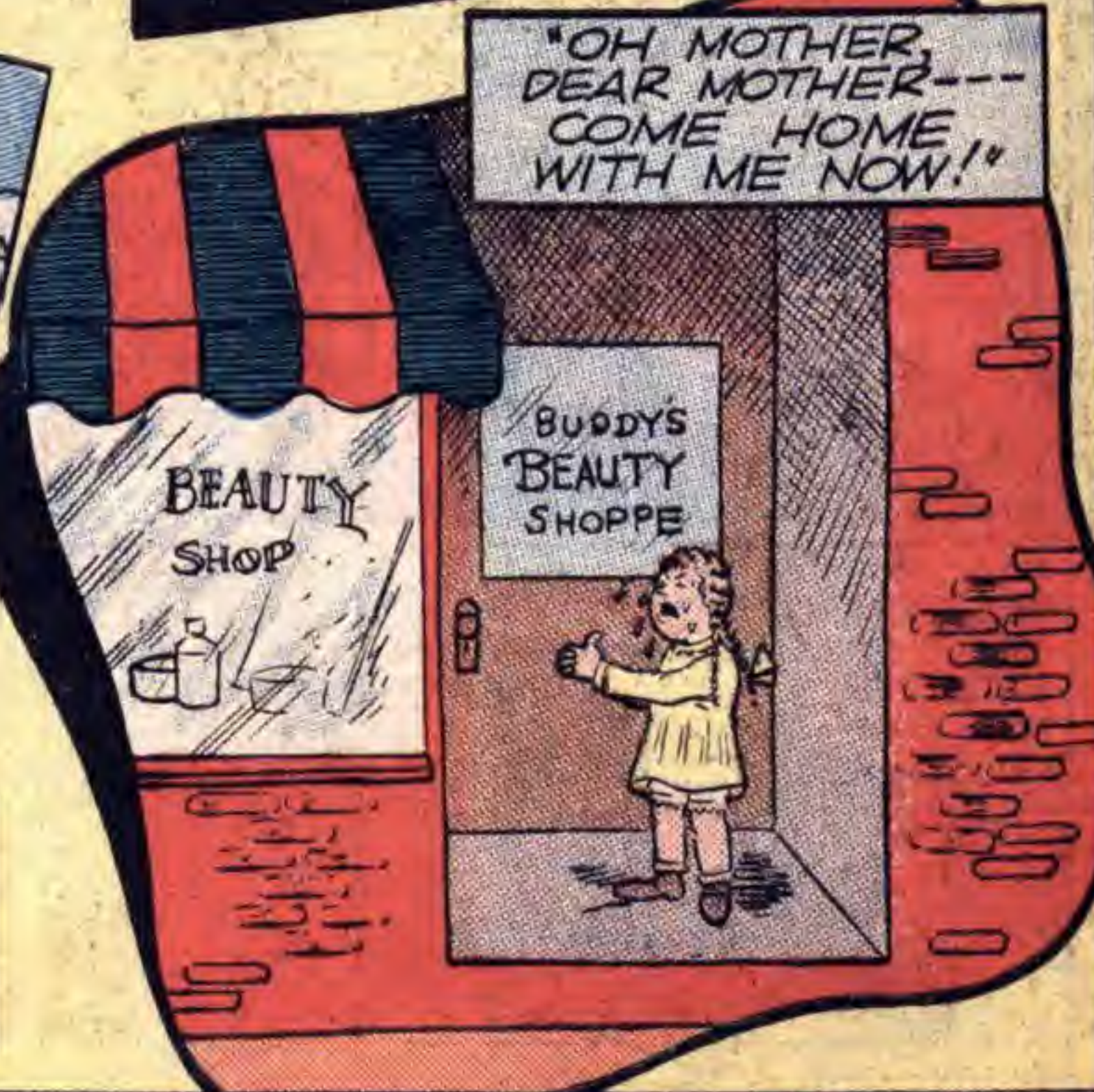


"MEAT IS SO HEAVY
THESE WARM DAYS,
LADY--COULD I
HAVE A SALAD?"

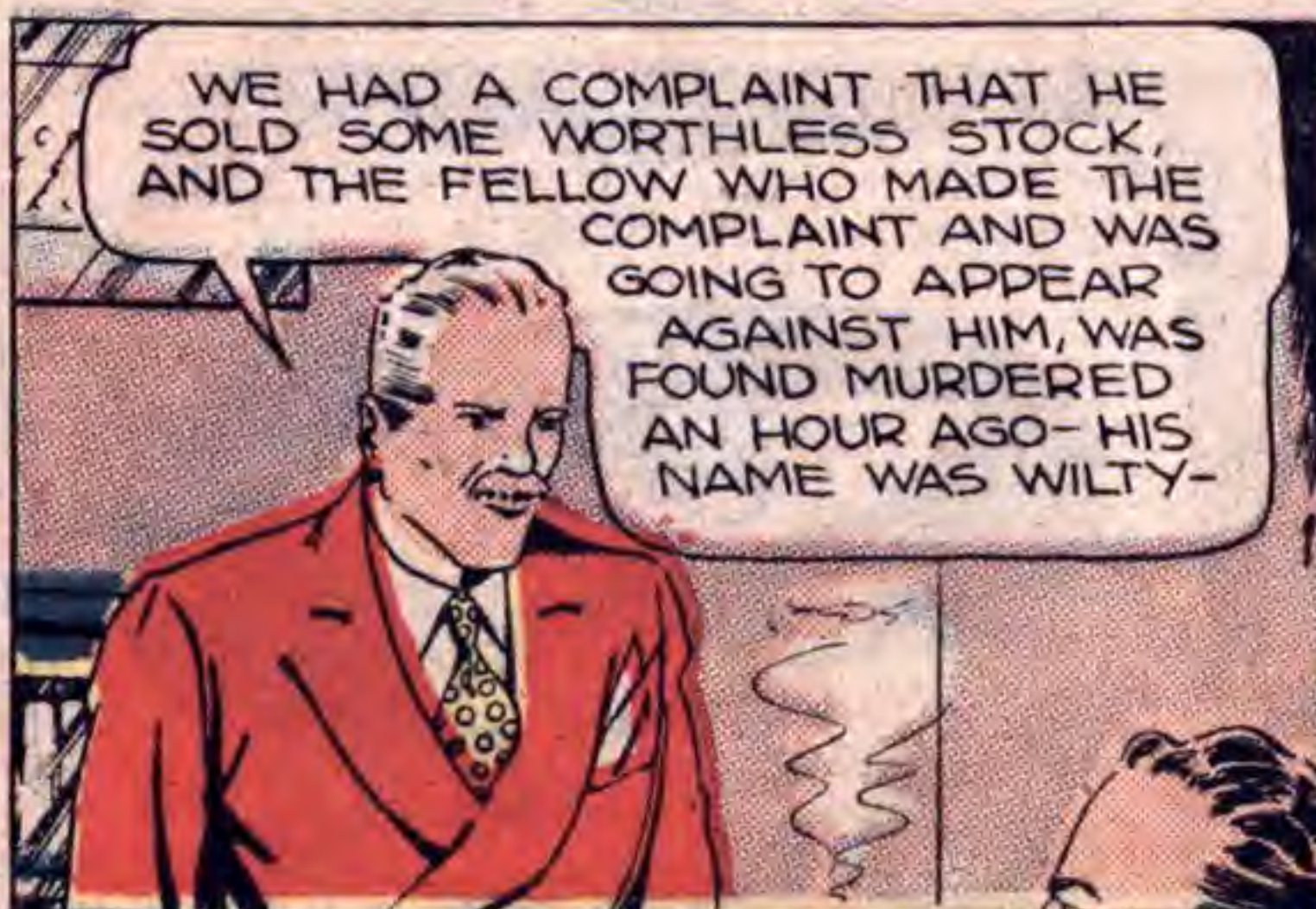
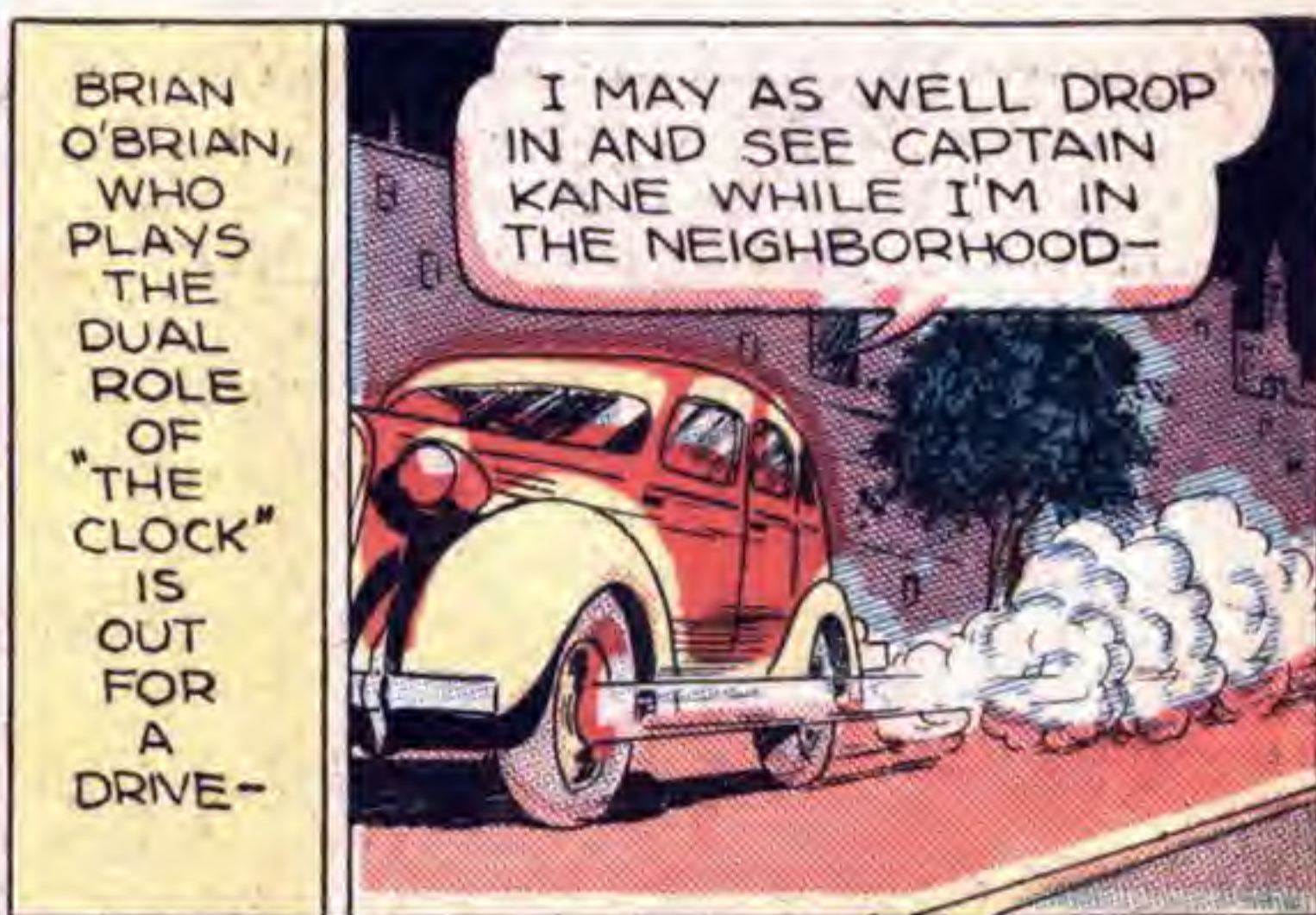
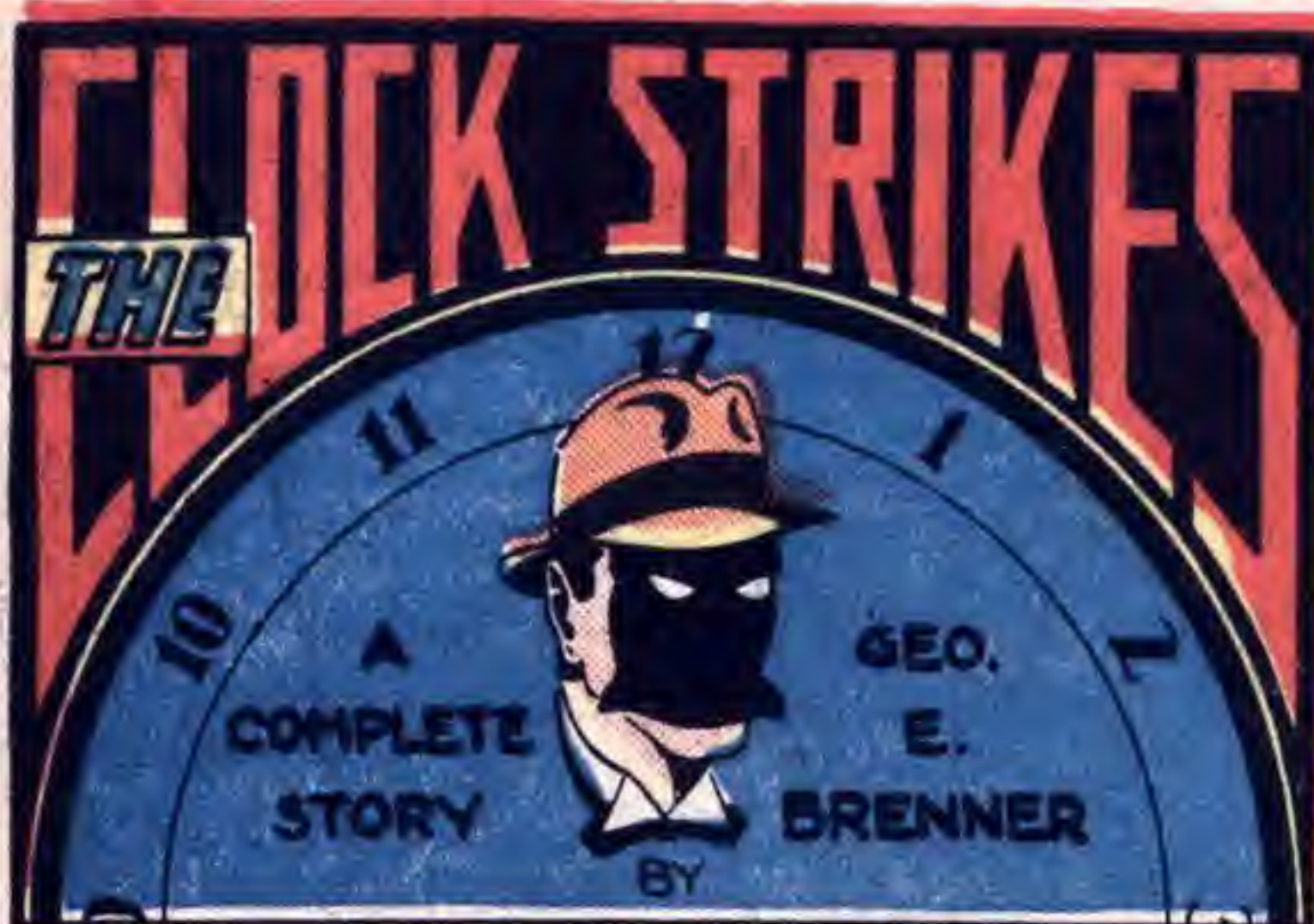
"I JUST PAINT A
BLACK SPOT ON THE
WALL AND THOSE
MICE KNOCK THEM-
SELVES OUT JUST
RUNNING INTO IT!"



"WHAT DO I DO---
JUST TAKE
MY PICK?"



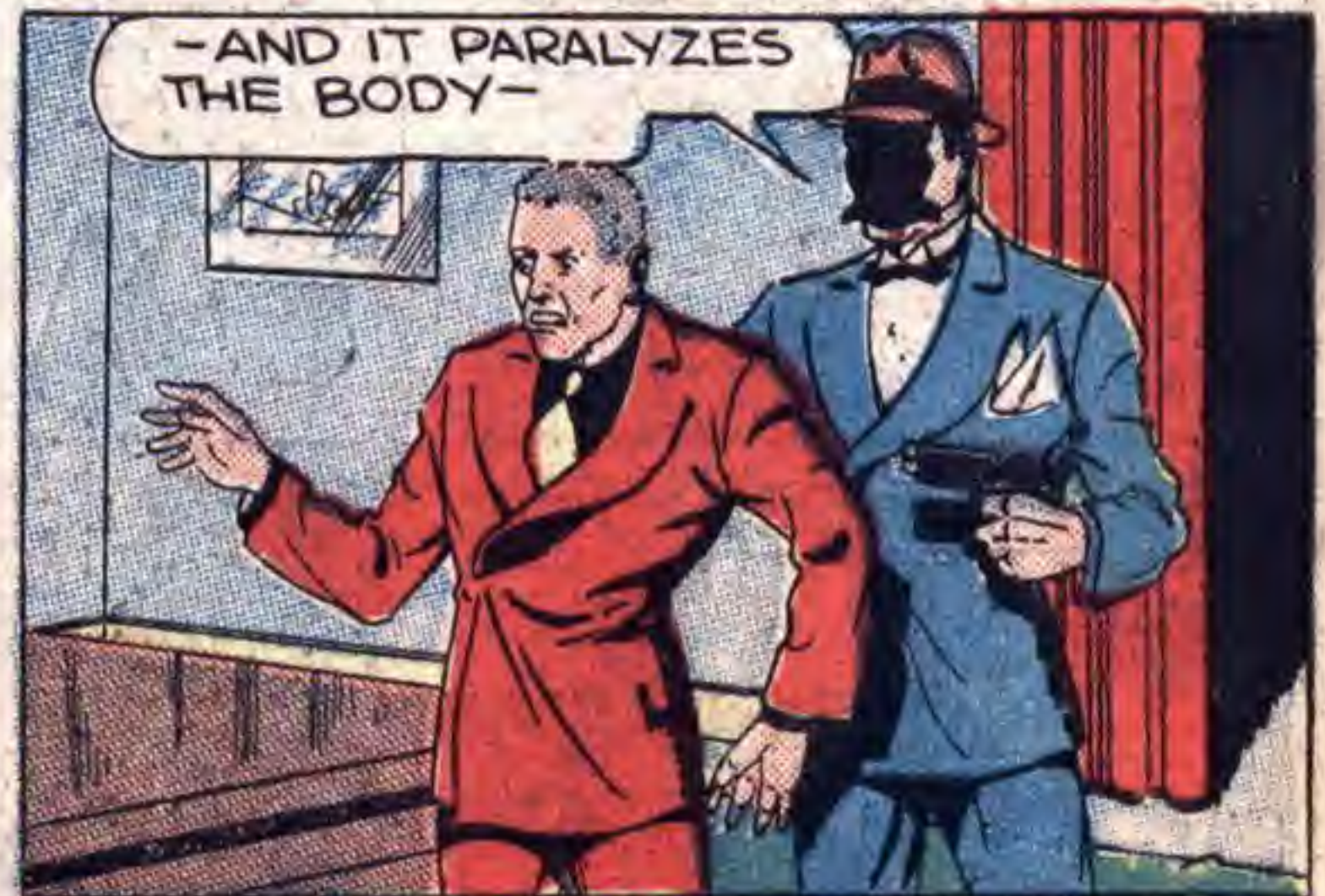
"OH MOTHER,
DEAR MOTHER---
COME HOME
WITH ME NOW!"











RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

DOES THE
HIDDEN WORD
REPRESENT AN
ARMENIAN FISH-
CAKE---AN
EGYPTIAN QUEEN
---OR A
CROCODILE'S
TEETH?

NO EFFORT
NO BRAINS
NO PRIZES!!

BRAIN DERBY

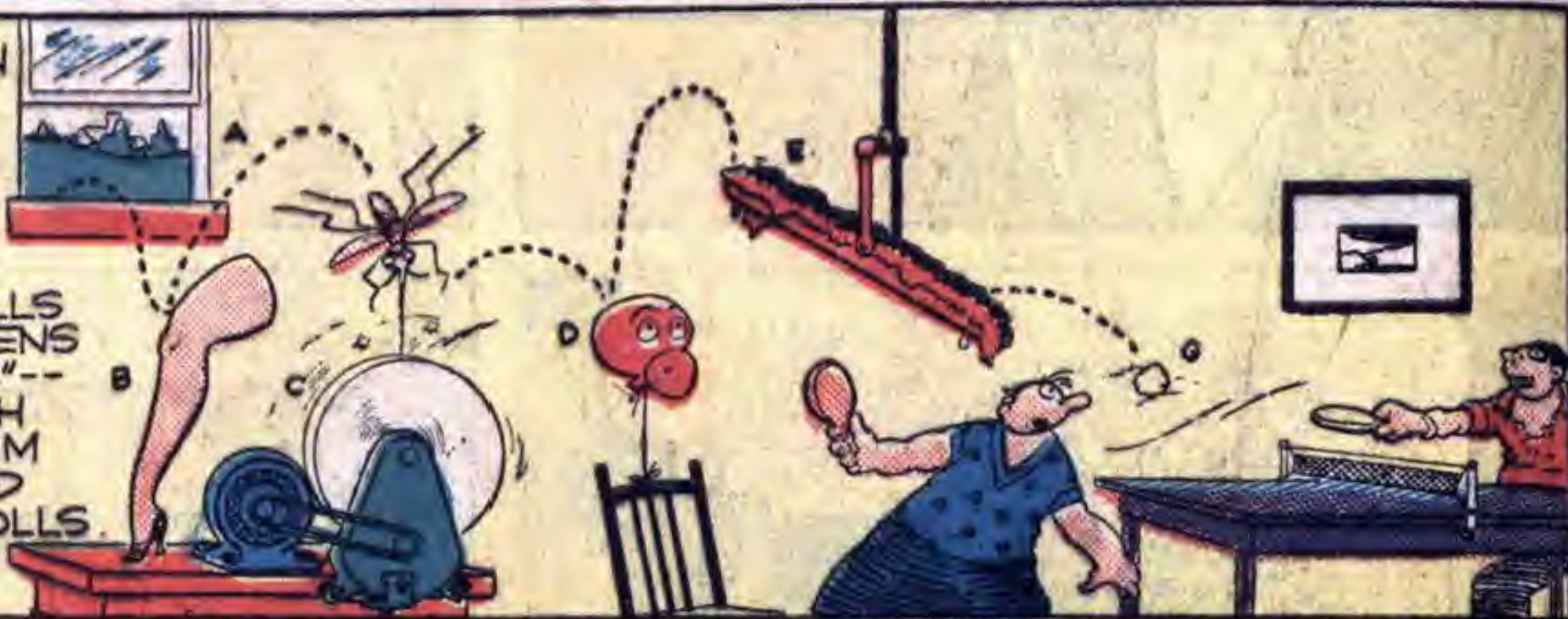
MISTER
CLEE OH PAT HIM
THE TAX
COLLECTOR
IS HERE!

ON THE
BACK
AND SEND
HIM AWAY!

EX-
TRA!
EXTRA!!

OUR SPECIAL INVENTION THE EASY MOSQUITO DESTROYER

MOSQUITO FLIES IN
WINDOW "A" AND BITES
FALSE LEG "B"---HE DULLS
HIS STINGER, AND SHARPENS
IT ON EMERY WHEEL "C"---
HE JABS BALLOON WHICH
BLOWS UP, THROWING HIM
INTO TROUGH "E" FILLED
WITH CEMENT--AS HE ROLLS
OUT A HARD BALL, HE IS
BATTED 'TIL HE'S DEAD!



FOOLISH QUESTIONS No. 57,810,631



NO--THEY'RE
GONNA GIVE
HIM **FOUR**
STRIKES--
BECAUSE
HIS MOTHER
IS WATCHING
THE GAME



NIBBSY



CANDID CARTOONS



AS A CHILD HORACE
ABERCROMBIE POTTLE,
HOWLED WITH GLEE
WHEN THEY GAVE
HIM HIS BOTTLE--



WHEN THEY HANDED
THE BOTTLE TO TINY
CYRIL MCDUFF,
HE PUSHED IT AWAY,
HE HATED THE STUFF!



WHILE MCDUFF IS NOW
WITH BOTTLES GALORE,
IF YOU GIVE HIM ONE
DRINK, HE WANTS THREE
OR FOUR!!

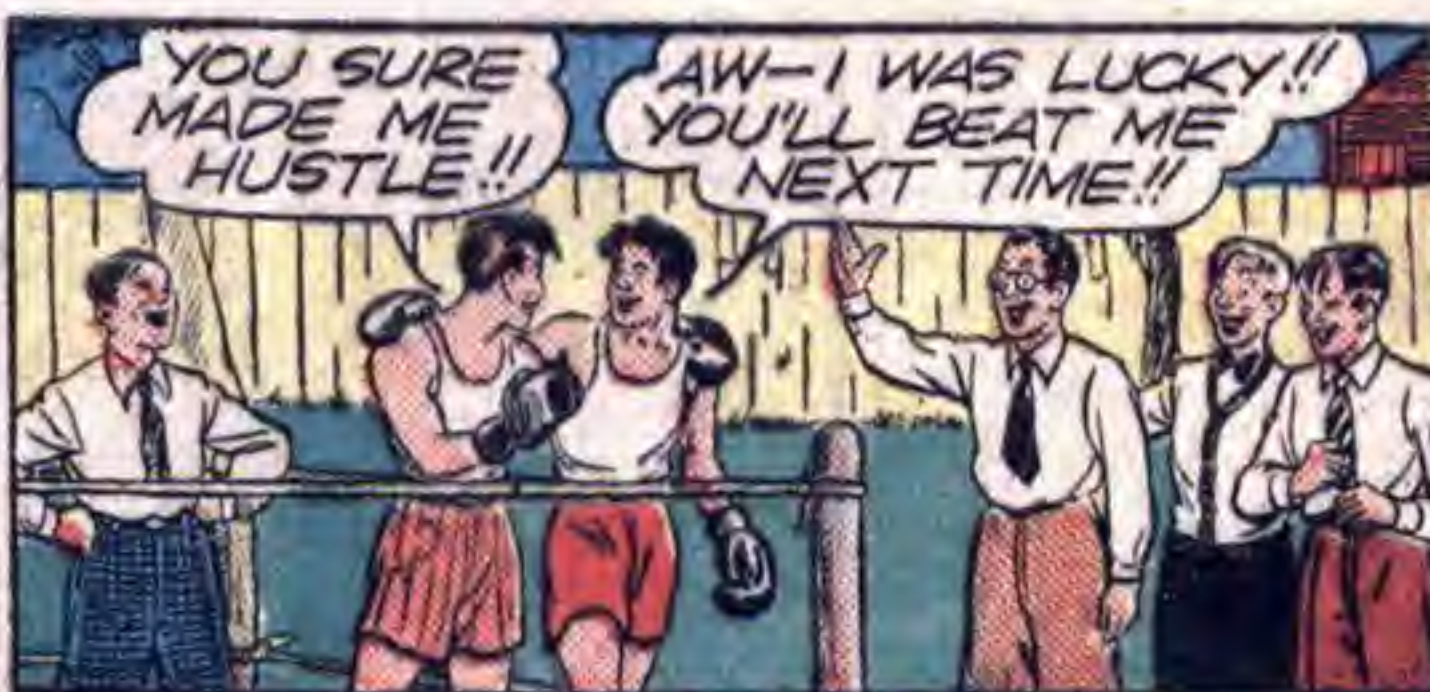


WHILE MCDUFF IS NOW
WITH BOTTLES GALORE,
IF YOU GIVE HIM ONE
DRINK, HE WANTS THREE
OR FOUR!!

JOE PALOOKA'S BOXING COURSE

by HAM FISHER

DEAR FELLOWS-- THIS CLOSES OUR SERIES OF BOXING LESSONS. WE TRIED TO TEACH SELF-DEFENSE AND SPORTSMANSHIP



IN THIS SPACE WE NEXT BRING YOU JOE PALOOKA'S OWN SPECIAL FAMILY ALBUM!!

JOE PALOOKA

Mellough Syndicate, Inc.

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

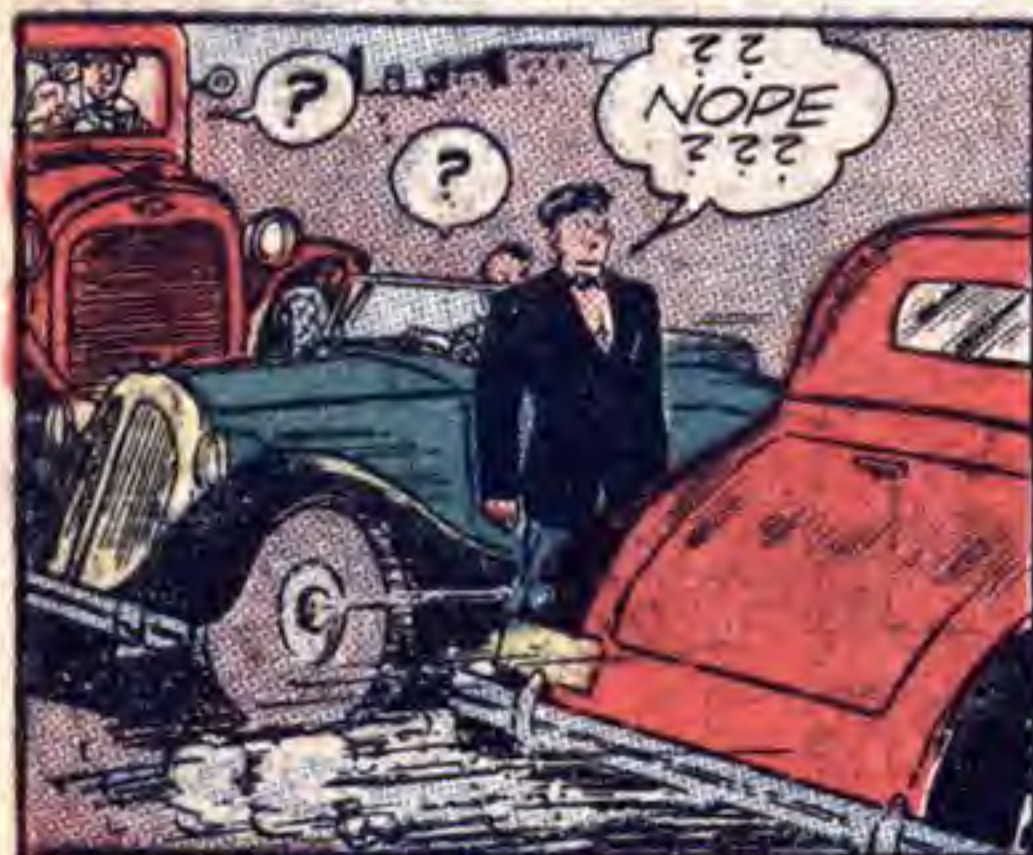
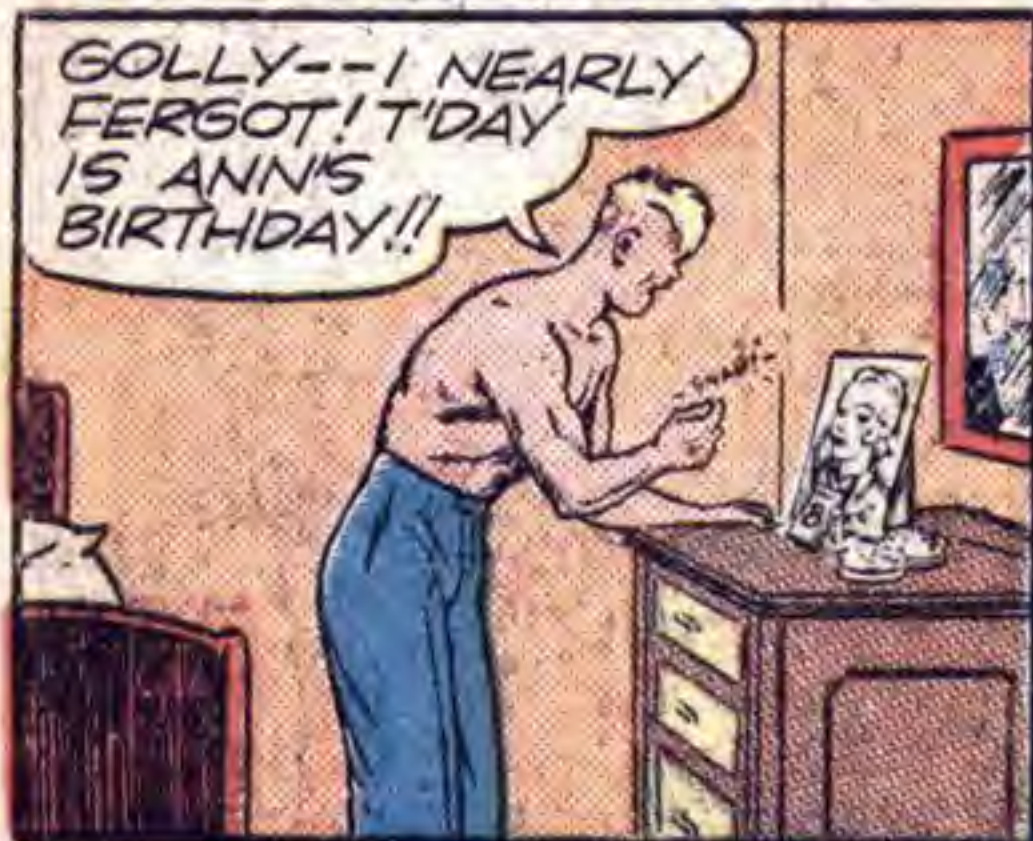
DEAR KIDS--
WHY DON'T
YOUSE KEEP
A ALBUM
LIKE MINE,
WHICH WAS
STARTED BY
MY GRAN'PA--
IT'S LOTS A
FUN T'LOOK
AT SOME--
TIMES---



THIS HERE IS
THE FIRST REAL
PITCHER I HAD
TOOK IT'S ME
WHEN I WAS
FOUR MONTHS
OLD--- I THINK
THEY SHOULD
DRESS BABIES
FOR PITCHERS,
DON'T YOU?

JOE PALOOKA

By HAM FISHER



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

THIS IS POP PALOOKA WHEN HE WAS OLD ENOUGH TO WORK-- ONLY HE NEVER DID!



AN' HERE'S ONE OF MA PALOOKA, JIST ABOUT THE TIME POP MET HER AT A CHURCH PICNIC



JOE PALOOKA

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By HAM FISHER

DEAR READER-- WE ALL KNOW WHAT A FUNNY FEELING IT IS TO HAVE SOMEONE WE HAVEN'T SEEN IN A LONG TIME SUDDENLY ADDRESS US, AND BE IN KNOBBY'S SPOT



JOE PALOOKA'S ALBUM

GRAN'PA WHEEZLER WAS A CIVIL WAR VEGETARIAN. AN' HE MARRIED GRAN'MA WHEN HE WAS EIGHTY ONE---



THIS IS GRAN'MA WHEN SHE WAS SEVENTY FIVE-- AN' SHE WAS HAPPY 'CAUSE SHE GOT GRANPA'S PENSION.



JOE PALOOKA

McGraw-Hill Syndicate, Inc.

By HAM FISHER



Follow Joe Palooka in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.

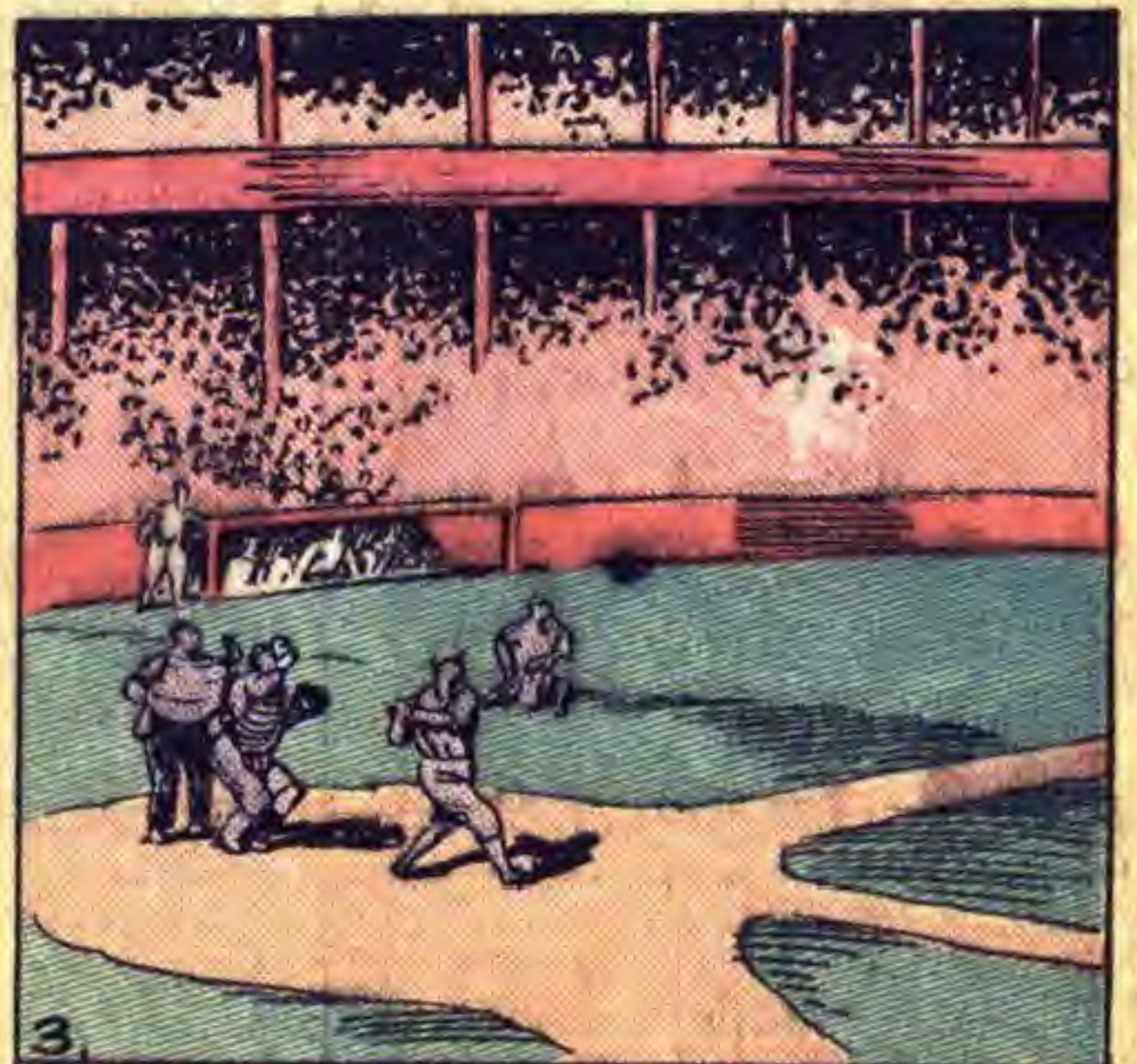
THEY'RE STILL TALKING

About That Remarkable World Series Batting Feat

Flint Rhem, St. Louis Cardinal pitcher, sends a fast curve whistling plateward. There is a sharp crack of bat against ball and the sphere soars high into the upper deck of the rightfield stands.



That was in the first inning. Now in the third inning, Rhem delivers a tantalizing slow ball of the kind which has been poison to the same hitter!



And this time that murderous slugger pastes the ball clear over the rightfield stand!

Sixth inning now. New pitcher. Count three and two. Pitcher makes mistake of trying to shoot a fast one through the middle. And follows the most resounding smack of all three, setting a new record for long distance hitting at Sportsman's park.



The mighty monarch of the mace, Babe Ruth, hit those three homers Oct. 6, 1926, to turn in the greatest world series hitting exhibition in history.

NEW YORK



GIVEN UP FOR DEAD BY THE VICTORIOUS CHARLEMAGNE, SIR RAYMOND OF NAVARIA STARED DAZEDLY AT THE TARTAR SPY LYING AT HIS FEET



HE'S DEAD, BUT ALACK—I AM SORELY WOUNDED AND LOST IN THIS GREAT DARK FOREST!



MEANWHILE, IN THE COUNCIL-HALL OF THE GREAT KING CHARLEMAGNE—

MY LORD, I CAN ONLY BELIEVE THAT SIR RAYMOND IS YET ALIVE—IF YOU WILL ONLY CONTINUE THE SEARCH!



THAT I WOULD LIKE TO DO—BUT I CANNOT! FOR, ALL THE NOBLEST OF MY REALM I NEED, TO DEFEND MY OVER-RUN KINGDOMS!



BUT, IF YE BELIEVE THAT HE IS NOT LOST FOREVER, I GRANT THEE PERMISSION TO GO IN HIS SEARCH!



MOST GRACIOUS KING, I THANK THEE FOR THIS QUEST AND PLEDGE THAT I WILL NEVER RETURN NOR UNDERTAKE ANOTHER ADVENTURE UNTIL I FIND HIM!!



AND WHILE THE GALLANT SIR NEVILLE SET OUT IN HIS SEARCH, SIR RAYMOND PLUNGED DEEPER INTO THE MYSTERIOUS FOREST.

A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN! AM I DREAMING OR IS THIS REAL?



YOU ARE NOT DREAMING, HANDSOME KNIGHT—HERE, DRINK THIS WATER—YOU LOOK ALMOST EXHAUSTED!



WATER!

YES! DRINK, —IT IS SO COOL AND REFRESHING!





I FEEL FUNNY!
- THAT DRINK - YOU'VE
DRUGGED ME - EVERY-
THING IS GOING BLACK!

HA! YOU
ARE MINE,
FAIR
KNIGHT!



ANOTHER ONE TO FALL
TO MY ENCHANTING POWERS!
--QUICK, CARRY HIM TO
THE CASTLE!

YES, MASTER!



WHERE AM
I? - WHO
ARE YOU?

AH! MY DAUGHTER
HAS DONE VERY
WELL THIS TIME!



WELCOME, SLAVE, TO THE LAND
OF SHADOWS - THE LAND FROM
WHICH THERE IS NO ESCAPE!



WHY DO
YOU CALL
ME 'SLAVE'?

BECAUSE THAT IS
WHAT YOU ARE FROM
NOW UNTIL THE DAY
YOU DIE!



TO THE MINES
WITH HIM!



THROUGH DARK
PASSAGEWAYS
SIR RAYMOND
IS LEAD FROM
THE CASTLE--



--TO A HUGE SUBTERRANEAN CAVERN
THAT GLOWED WITH GOLDEN BRILLIANCY!
--THE MINES OF THE SHADOW WORLD!!



HERE IN THE GOLD MINES YOU
SHALL WORK - REFUSAL TO OBEY
MY MEN MEANS THE LASH!



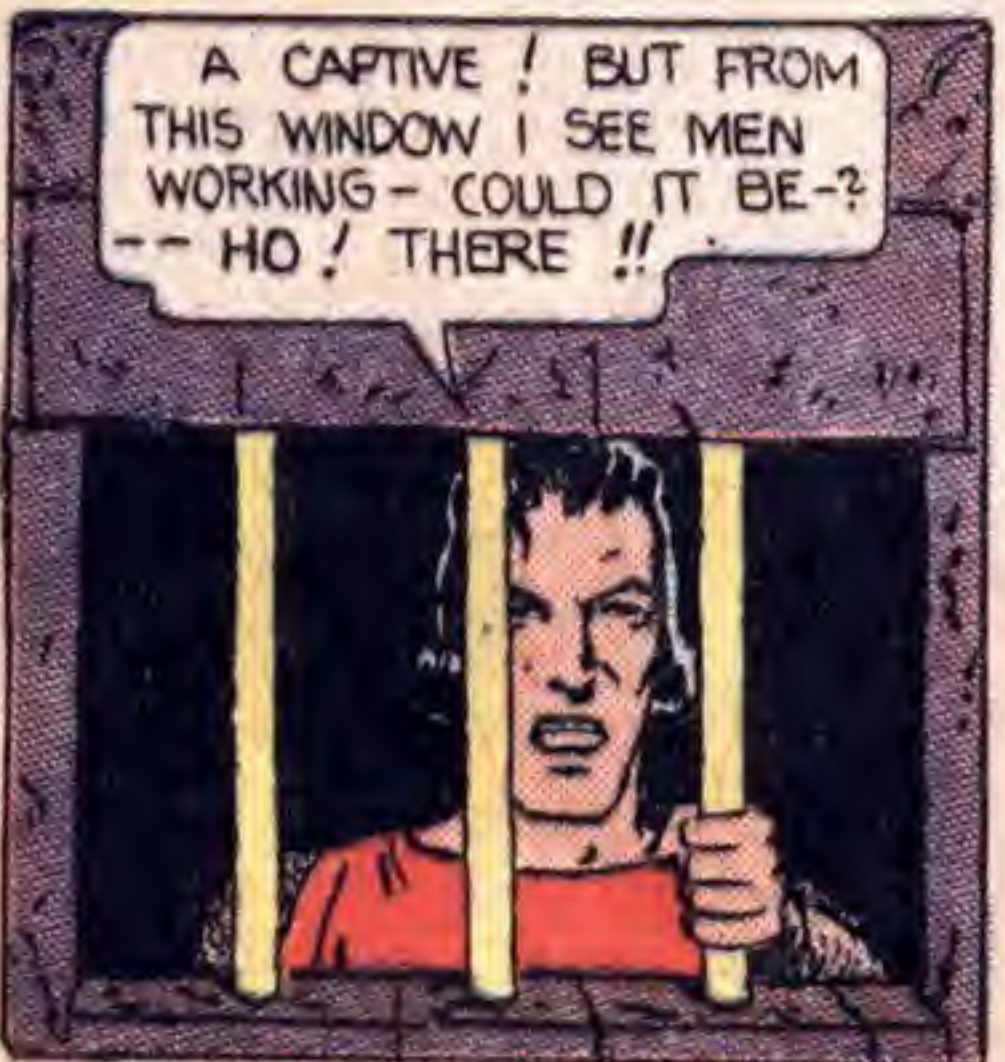
AS THE DAYS PASSED, SIR NEVILLE
TRAVELING EVER TOWARD THE RISING
SUN, NEARED THE DARK FOREST.



AYE! THAT IS THE WAY TO
THE ENCHANTED FOREST, BUT
BEWARE! MANY HAVE GONE
INTO IT BUT NONE HAVE COME
OUT - TURN BACK ERE IT IS
TOO LATE!



UNMINDFUL OF THE WARNINGS, HE
PRESSED ONWARD, EVER MORE INTENT
AS THE WAY GREW MORE DIFFICULT!





Captain Fortune, a thrilling adventure picture story, starts in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

RUBE GOLDBERG'S SIDE SHOW

BRAIN DERBY
STUDY THIS PICTURE FOR
THREE MINUTES--- THEN
ANSWER THE FOLLOW-
ING QUESTIONS---

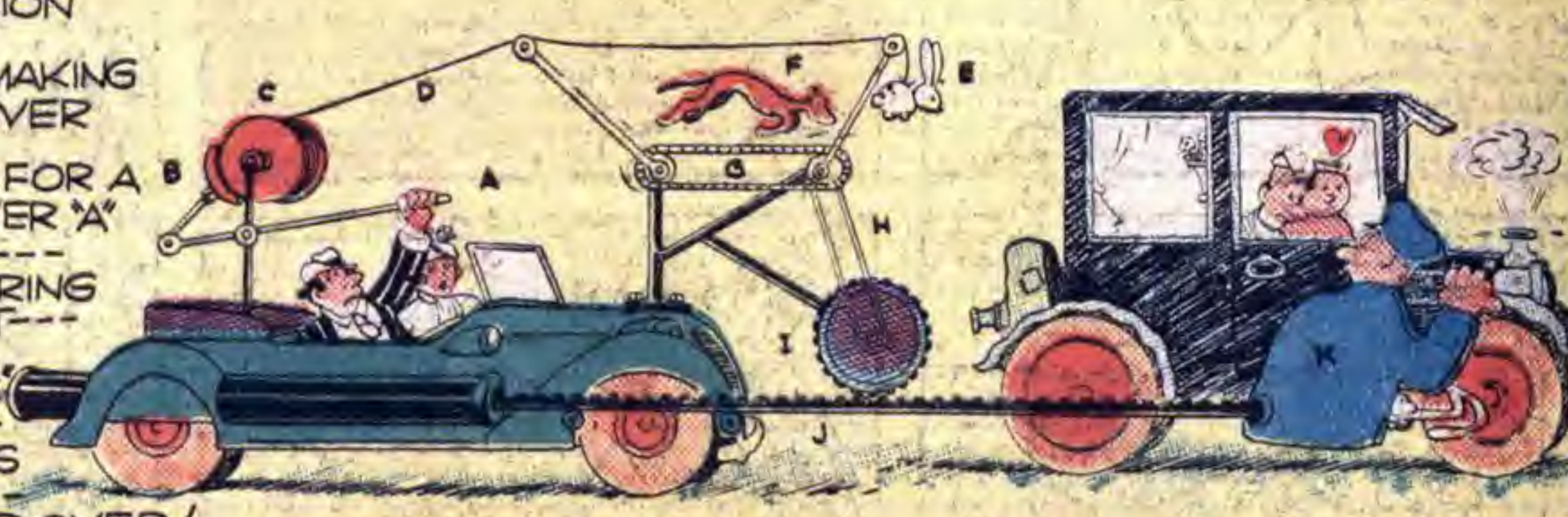
HOW MUCH IS PLenty?
IF TODAY ISN'T
TUESDAY, WILL
WEDNESDAY
BE ALL
RIGHT?



OUR SPECIAL INVENTION

THIS IS A DEVICE FOR MAKING
A ROAD-HOG MOVE OVER

AFTER BLOWING HORN FOR A
LONG TIME, PULL LEVER "A"
RELEASING BRAKE "B"---
DRUM "C" UNWINDS, STRING
"D" DROPS TOY RABBIT---
HOUND "F" CHASES THE
RABBIT ON TREADMILL "G"
---BELT "H" RUNS COG-
WHEEL "I"---THIS BRINGS
OUT ROD WITH COP "K"---
AND ROAD-HOG IS WAVED OVER!



FOOLISH QUESTIONS--NO. 713418

ARE YA FEEDIN' YER HORSE, MISTER?

NOPE--THIS IS A GAS MASK I'M TRYIN' ON HIM FER TH' NEXT WAR!



I AIN'T HAD A BITE T'DAY-- GUESS I'LL GIVE UP! OH DEAR--

Nibbsy




NIBBSY, THAT'S ME!!



CANDID CARTOONS

CALLING ON THESE SMITHS IS WORSE THAN TAKING POISON!

I KNOW, DEAR-- IT'S AWFUL! BUT WE OWE THEM A VISIT!

OH!! IT'S THAT DUMB JONES COUPLE AGAIN, HONEY!

WHY DO THEY KEEP COMING?!! NOW WE'LL OWE THEM A CALL!



"BLAME IT ON WILBUR"



NOW-- UP-- DOWN-- ONE-- TWO--



ANNOUNCER SANDUSKY ACROPOLIS LONG, TAUGHT FOLKS TO BE HEALTHY AND HAPPY AND STRONG,

TWISTED TALES

BUTTERCUPS AND DAREDEVILS



WHILE ANOTHER ANNOUNCER NAMED PERCIVAL BLUTE, TALKED OF THINGS POETIC AND CUTE~



BUT CONTRASTS CAN EXTEND GREAT LENGTH, TAKE A LOOK AT SANDUSKY WHO TALKS ABOUT STRENGTH!



WHILE THE FELLOW WHO GABS ABOUT SISSY STUFF, IS DECIDEDLY LOW AND AWFUL TOUGH!!



McNaughton & Syme 2004

A cartoon illustration of a red and blue classic car driving on a road at night. The driver is saying, "LET'S STOP FOR THE NIGHT IN THE NEXT TOWN - I DON'T LIKE NIGHT DRIVING". A passenger in the back seat is saying, "RIGHTO MA!". The background shows a dark landscape with a red barn and a full moon.



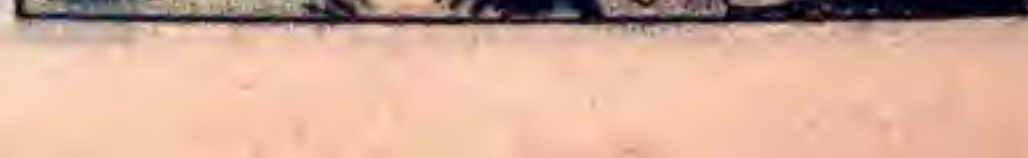
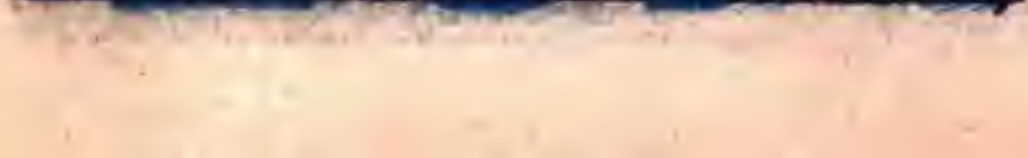
**GOOD
DEAD
DITTY**



DIXIE DUGAN

McNIGHT Syndicate Inc.

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL

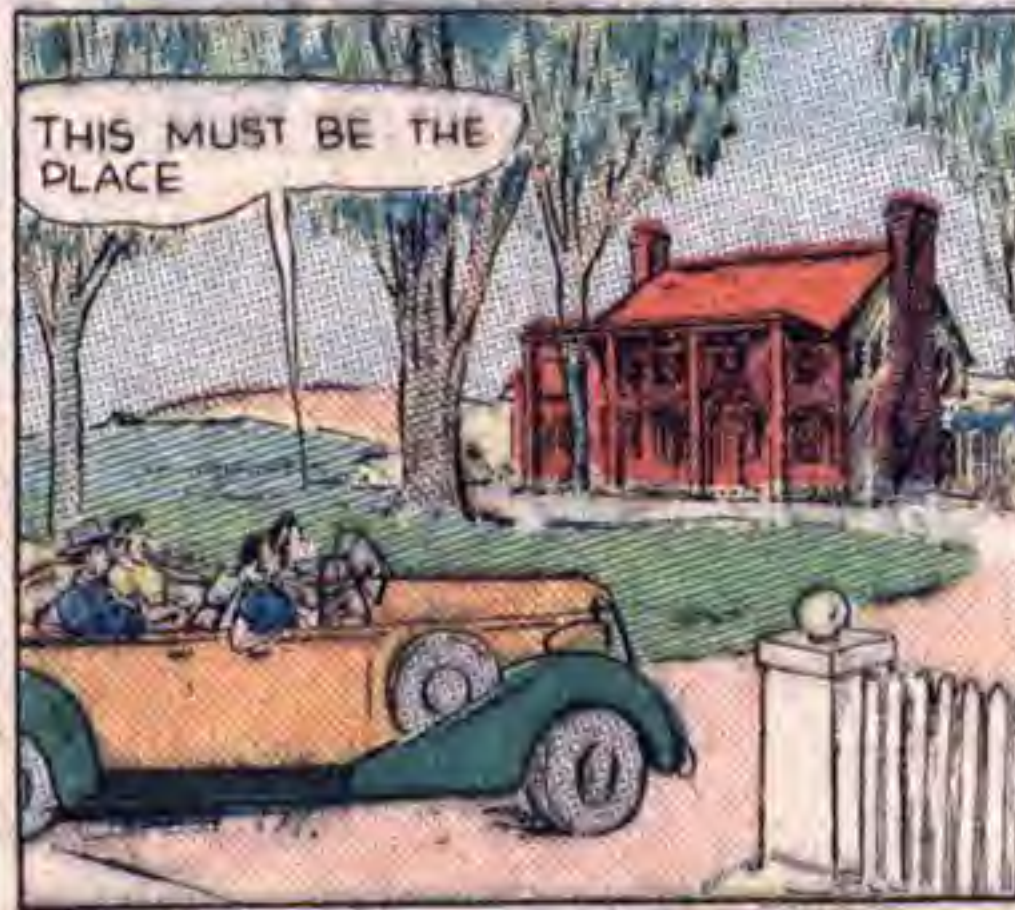


J. STRIEBEL



DIXIE DUGAN

By J. P. McEVOY and J. H. STRIEBEL



More of Dixie Dugan in the October issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale August 30th.

TUBBY, OUR DUDE RANCH LOOKS LIKE A SUCCESS! MAYBE MORE MOVIE STARS WILL FOLLOW DIXIE HERE!!

AW, DIXIE GAVE ME THE AIR-- I'M SORE AT HER!!

THERE'S DIXIE NOW-- WITH OUR OTHER FAMOUS GUEST, DAVEY NOYES, THE NEXT HEAVYWEIGHT BOXIN' CHAMP!!

SO I SEE!

TUBBY-- WHO'S THIS NEW BIRD WITH THE DARK GLASSES?

FOR SOME REASON HE LOOKS VERY FAMILIAR--- COULD THE GLASSES BE A DISGUISE?

HEY, JUDY-- YOU AN' I SHOULD PEP UP THIS PLACE-- NOW TONIGHT WE COULD---

SORRY, MR. NOYES-- I'M BUSY TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT!

OH-- GETTIN' SNOOTY ON ME, EH? WELL, I---

EASY MISTER-- MISS BENTON IS ENGAGED TO ME!!

PIPE DOWN, LITTLE MAN!!

WOW! LOOKS LIKE THIS NOYES IS GONNA BE A PROBLEM!!

TUBBY!! QUICK--- WHERE'S BENTON?

HE'S GONE TO TOWN WITH SOME CATTLE-- WHAT'S WRONG?

THAT DAVEY NOYES IS HAVING A NOISY PARTY RIGHT IN THE LIVING ROOM!!

GOSH-- WHAT'LL WE DO?

IF I ONLY HAD THAT BIRD'S BUILD I WOULDN'T BE AFRAID TO TACKLE THE COMIN' CHAMP!

WHOOP PEE

WELL-- THIS NOISE GOTTA BE STOPPED SOMEHOW!!

THE NOISE IS GETTIN' EVEN WORSE! I'M GOIN' UP AN' TELL 'EM!

WHOOP PEE

MR. NOYES-- THE GUESTS ARE ALL COMPLAINING ABOUT----

BEAT IT, LITTLE COWBOY!!

GOLLY, SLIM-- IF WE DON'T STOP THAT ROWDY THE OTHER GUESTS WILL LEAVE!

OH-- HERE'S BENTON!!-- WE'LL TELL HIM THE NEWS---

NOISY PARTY, EH? WELL I'LL STOP THAT!!

BUT, BENTON-- YOU'LL RUN INTO DAVEY NOYES!

WHAT'S WRONG, SON? WHY ALL THE JITTERS?

OH-- POOR BENTON'S GONE TO BAWL OUT DAVEY NOYES, THE FIGHTER!

WOW!! LISTEN-- I KNEW THERE'D BE A BATTLE!!

IT SOUNDS LIKE A FIRST CLASS WAR!

WHAM! BIFF!

THEY'RE AT IT HOT AND HEAVY! I'D BETTER GO IN AND HELP YOUR---

NO-- WAIT!! BENTON WOULDN'T WANT ANY HELP!!

WHAM



DEVIL'S HEAD

By Robert M. Hyatt

Wind screamed through the taut rigging like angry ghouls, ripping the frozen sail out of Derry's hands. It flapped outward with a report like an exploding gun as another mountainous wave hurled the frail craft up toward the inky storm clouds racing low over the water. Then dropped it dizzily into the dark abyss on the other side.

Derry made one more ineffectual grab for the wildly-fluttering sail, only to be knocked flat as the next comber caught the catboat in a vicious broadside.

"Hang on to it, y' weakling!" shouted Jed, his dark brows contracting angrily. "Reef 'er, or we'll swamp!"

Derry, the breath driven from his body, crawled forward again. With one arm encircling the mast, he tried vainly to do his companion's bidding. Leaning far outward, he snatched at the half-frozen cloth. His reach fell far short.

"Come back here an' hold this tiller!" bawled the thickset helmsman, "an' let a man do it!"

Derry crawled aft, grasped the lashing tiller, and groaned with the terrific strain. His eyes swept the raging water. The distant rocky shore did not seem to be getting any nearer.

It was all Jed's powerful muscles could do to reef the sail; then he came aft to take charge of the tiller.

There was a sneer on his broad face as he shoved Derry aside. "Yer're about as much use as this here tub'd be without me," he flung out, scowling.

"Aren't we heading in, Jed? This blow's getting worse." Derry ignored the other's sneering remark.

"Huh! Jest as I thought," the helmsman rasped. "Scairt!" He threw back his head and laughed derisively. This was the life. The battle—and mastery—of the sea.

"No," answered Derry steadily, "not scared so much, only —" He paused. "Dad will be worried knowing we're out in this. Let's head for the cove, Jed."

The appeal in Derry's tone only seemed to incite Jed's sarcasm. He laughed again. "Yer plum scairt, that's wot y' are. Yer yellow! Like y' was yesterday when y' backed down from Bull Durkin. Y' took it like a chump. W'y didn't y' sock him? They're callin' y' 'yellow belly'!" He spat as a sheet of salt spray stung their faces.

"Maybe so," came Derry's voice, unruffled. "But I'm not built like you, Jed." He surveyed his companion's powerfully built figure. "But Dad says there's other kinds of courage besides physical. Why should I fight Bull?"

"Bunk!" snorted Jed contemptuously. "Just Bunk! W'en a guy's scairt to fight, he's yellow—a coward!"

The wind was howling now, piling masses of thick, black clouds down close to the water. Giant waves tore at the tiny craft like demons. They must make for shore or be capsized. Jed grudgingly admitted this to himself and skillfully tacked into the wind.

"Hang on, you, we're shootin' th' reef!" he shouted.

Derry gripped the gunwale and said nothing. In calm weather the reef was dangerous; in this sea it was suicide.

The little boat shot ahead. Rain began to fall, driven by a gale that flung the drops against the youths' faces with the force of buckshot. Jed yelled in exultation. He loved

this. He'd show these turbulent waves who was master! Derry clung to the rail as the icy rain beat in his face. He opened his mouth to shout a warning, but the wind tore his words away.

Each time as they hurtled on the summit of a wave, the reef loomed closer, baring its cruel, jagged fangs as the water backlashed. It did not belie its name—"Devil's Head." To be cast upon its horny back meant certain death. Standing out a fathom length from the reef were two slender, pointed rocks—"The Spikes." Separated by a few yards of lashing water, they presented a grim, significant picture, one that seemed to hold a strange fascination for Jed, whose eyes were glued on them with determination.

"Hi-yi!" he yelped above the wind. "Watch me put 'er between the Spikes!"

They were hurtling toward this ominous deathhead with millrace speed, as the rollers flattened out nearer the rocks.

To Derry, doom appeared imminent and certain on those sharp prongs waiting to rip into their boat. "Don't!" he screamed, placing a restraining hand on his companion's arm. "You're crazy, Jed! You can't make it in a blow like this!"

Jed's mocking laugh was flung back. "Set tight," he yelled. "Hang on, yellow belly!"

They were between the fang-like Spikes when a rending crash heaved Derry into the sea. The swinging boom caught Jed on the head, dashing him over the side. The boat, spinning half around out of control, went over as a wave struck it, broadside, and vanished.

Dazed, and gasping for breath, Derry felt himself banged against

a rock. Desperately he clutched at a smooth surface, at length securing a handhold. He drew himself partially up the slender spike of rock, which reminded him of an icicle. The swirling waters ripped at him in baffled fury.

Where was Jed? He could see nothing but desolate, pitching seas. Jed was gone. The boat was gone. Derry was alone, clinging to the slippery Spike with all his might. But he knew he couldn't hang on long with the waves dragging at him like this.

Then he heard a gasping cry. "Jed!" he called. "Jed—here!"

Jed's head showed bobbing toward him. His face was white with fear as he was rolled over and over, feebly striking out for the rock. His lips moved in a soundless cry.

Derry clutched his coat as he was swept in, and drew him up with one arm. Jed's forehead was bleeding from a gash over one eye. He was weak and panting from exhaustion. "My arm!" he gasped. "Broke—Oh-oo!" He moaned with pain, trying to hold on to Derry, and nearly toppling both from the rock.

The day wore on, with no let-up in the gale. Derry was almost paralyzed trying to hold the limp form of his foolish companion up, and still keep one arm around the rock. His whole body ached. Jed's efforts to help hold their precarious perch grew weaker. His eyes, terror filled, sought Derry's.

"I—I can't hang on much longer," he sobbed. His arm was swelling. Soon the whole burden of holding them would be Derry's.

The futility of their combined efforts to remain above the water became more evident. The slippery rock afforded no handholds. Already the chill water surged around their knees as larger and larger combers boomed in, snarling at them. The slender Spike might offer safety for one, but unless help came soon—

It was nearly dark. There would be no boats putting out in this storm,

Jed babbled with pain, his crippled arm hanging limp. Derry's muscles were stiff with cold and exhaustion. They slipped lower into the water. With a last feeble effort, Derry drew his heavy burden up the rock. He fumbled with numb fingers at his belt. Then he leaned close to Jed's ear.

"Jed—listen," he shouted, in a voice that was little more than a whisper, "I'm done—can't hold—both of us—There," he said, when he had pulled Jed's good arm around the rock. "That's it—you hang on, Jed—I'll try to make it in—get help—We'll beat the 'Devil' yet! . . . Jed, hear me?" He smiled wanly at the other, who nodded in dumb understanding.

A cold slice of moon broke through the clouds for a moment, its pale light picking out two bedraggled forms hugging a slender spire of rock. Then darkness as the clouds rolled together.

When dawn was graying over a quieted sea, a single figure showed dimly plastered to the Spike. The half-frozen youth raised his head. He had heard the putt-putt of a power launch. He shouted feebly, his glazed eyes searching the water. Then his head fell forward.

The boat slipped alongside. Willing hands got the almost-life-

less body on board and stretched out on the small deck. They tore his wet clothes off. His arm was swollen so badly they had to slit the coat sleeve.

"Must've heaved plumb inter th' Spike," observed one of the men, after they had rolled Jed in blankets and carried him below. "Jed allus did have a hankerin' fer this daw-gonned reef," he added, as he guided the launch toward the cove.

"Boat's under—smashed most likely," said another; "s'pose poor Derry Milton is, too."

"Yeah?" came the voice of the helmsman. "Well, how'd Jed get tied onto th' Spike then? Tell me that. Don't wear two belts, does he? An' him with a busted flipper—"

The third member of the crew returned from the little cabin below. "Jed's clean outen his head," said he. "Funny, too. Keeps ravin' 'bout courage—yellow belly an' beat th' devil—er somethin' like that. Then he laughs—the gosh-awfullest laugh Listen! There it goes again!"

Read THE RULES OF THE GAME in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS — on sale August 30th.



NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B. W. DEPEW

BETTER FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE, GANG

WE OUGHT TO BE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE MINE

LET'S SEE THAT MAP OF YOURS, JAKE

EXCUSE ME—I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF JAKE'S MAP THE LAST FEW WEEKS!

THAT MUST BE THE ABANDONED GOLD MINE OVER THERE

BUT IT LOOKS DESERTED, COACH—BUD'S FATHER SAID WE MIGHT MEET EXCITEMENT HERE

HEY—DID YOU GUYS HEAR ANYTHING?

YES, I HEARD. PUMPKINS WILL BE CHEAP THIS YEAR

IT'S A PLANE—A BIG TWIN MOTOR—

IT'S CIRCLING—MUST BE GOING TO LAND!

SHE'S DOWN—LET'S SEE WHO IT IS!

JUST A MINUTE—NOT TOO FAST—WE'RE OUT HERE 50 MILES FROM NOWHERE SO LET'S TAKE IT EASY!

WHY—IT'S MY DAD!

YOUR—SO THAT'S WHY HE WIRED US TO BE HERE AT A CERTAIN TIME!

DAD! WHAT BRINGS YOU UP HERE?

THERE'S DANGER HERE, BUD—I WANTED TO BE WITH YOU

DANGER? LOOKS AS QUIET AS THE INSIDE OF A SUITCASE

THAT'S JUST IT—IT'S TOO QUIET—I BROUGHT ALONG A COUPLE OF GOVERNMENT AGENTS

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPEW

WE'RE TO STAY IN THIS OLD HOUSE WHILE THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS LOOK FOR SIGNS OF LIFE AROUND THIS DESERTED MINING CAMP

HOPE THEY FIND A CLUSTER OF CHINS I CAN LAY THE KNUCKLES ON!

DO YOU SUPPOSE YOUR GOLD REALLY IS BEING STOLEN, MR. SHEKELS?

I HAVE AMPLE EVIDENCE THE MINE IS BEING WORKED COACH BRANT

KIND OF EXCITING, EH BUD?

BUT MAYBE THEY SAW DAD'S PLANE AND WON'T COME NEAR THE PLACE, NED

THE WHEELS OF A PLANE, NOT OUR PLANE, MADE THESE TRACKS

ONE OF THOSE LIGHT, FAST JOBS—SHE TOOK OFF HERE RECENTLY

LET'S SEE WHAT'S DOWN HERE—

WAIT'LL I GET MY FLASHLIGHT

SEE WHAT'S IN THE BAGS, NED

IT'S HEAVY, WHATEVER IT IS!

DON'T LAND! THERE'S A PLANE DOWN THERE!

I SEE IT—THAT'S BAD!

DAD—LOOK! IT'S GOLD!

WE FOUND IT UNDER THE HOUSE—A BIG PILE OF IT!

THAT SIMPLIFIES OUR JOB

YES, WHOEVER MINED THAT GOLD IS COMING AFTER IT

AT LONG LAST—A BRAWL!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY B W DEPEW

WHY ARE THE GOVERNMENT MEN SENDING THE PLANE AWAY, NED?

WE'LL ASK YOUR FATHER— HE'S TALKING TO THEM NOW

THE MEN WE ARE AFTER WOULD NEVER LAND IF THEY SAW THAT PLANE OF YOURS ON THE GROUND

NATURALLY, WE WANT THEM TO RETURN FOR THE GOLD THEY HID, SO WE CAN CAPTURE THEM

GETTING YOUR CAR AND TRAILER OUT OF SIGHT, COACH BRANT?

YES, SIR— THERE'LL BE NO SIGN OF LIFE HERE NOW

THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING—

THE JITTERS, EH? BE UNCONCERNED LIKE I AM!

IN A FEW MOMENTS IT WILL BE DARK— YOU WILL LIGHT NO LIGHTS, NOT EVEN A MATCH— AND EVERYONE MUST REMAIN INSIDE

IF I'D KNOWN IT WOULD BE THIS DULL, I'D HAVE BROUGHT MY KNITTING

PSST!

KNIT YOUR BROWS, JAKE— BE RESOURCEFUL

BUD— I DID HEAR SOMETHING— THE MOTOR OF A POWERFUL CAR!

AW, YOU'RE KIDDING, NED—

BETTER PLAY IT SAFE— WE'LL PARK 'ER HERE

LOOKS SAFE ENOUGH— NOT A LIGHT OR A SOUND— A SURE ENOUGH GHOST CAMP— COME ON!

NED BRANT

By BOB ZUPPKE

DRAWN BY E. W. DEPEW

WE HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE—
AT LEAST FIVE GUYS
ARE IN THERE!

NOT A
CHANCE, EH?
LET ME SHOW
YOU SOMETHING

WE CAN GET IN, GRAB
THE GOLD AND GET OUT
WITHOUT THEIR
KNOWING—

SAY—
WHAT ARE
WE—A
COUPLE OF
MAGICIANS?

SEE THOSE STEPS?
THERE'S A TUNNEL TO
THE ROOM WHERE WE
CACHED THE
GOLD!

A CINCH!
EASY AS
EXCAVATING
A HOLE
FOR A
DOUGHNUT!

REMEMBER,
BE QUIET!

WHAT DID
YOU THINK I
WAS GOING TO
DO—PRACTICE
ON MY CORNET?

LUCKY WE LEFT
THE HOUSE AGAINST
THE AGENTS'
ORDERS, NED!

THIS IS GOING
TO BE MY FIRST
FLYING TACKLE OF
FALL SEASON, BUD!

HERE
THEY
COME!

GOOD
LUCK TO
YOU, PAL!

SOUNDS LIKE A
FIGHT OUTSIDE!

QUICK!
I HEARD MY
SON CALL
FOR HELP!

KNOCK THAT
KID LOOSE!

I'LL
TAKE
CARE OF
HIM!

SOME JEWELRY FOR YOU—
A NICE PAIR OF BRACELETS!

I'M
ALL
RIGHT,
DAD!

NOT A
SCRATCH!

GIVE ME
ROOM! I'M
GOING TO
THROW A
CURVE
WITH THIS
GUY!

I'LL BE
LEAVING
IN THE
MORNING,
SON—AND
YOU'LL BE
GOING BACK
TO SCHOOL?

RIGHT, DAD—NEXT
TIME YOU SEE ME, I'LL BE
TAKING A LITTLE TRIP TO THE
GOAL LINE, WITH A FOOTBALL
FOR A PASSENGER!

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Ned Brant is continued in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale August 30th.



THE BUNGLE FAMILY

TRAPPED

By H. J. TUTHILL

McNought Syndicate Inc. N.Y.





SIR, HERE'S A LITTLE BILL FOR YOU!!



DON'T STAY SO CLOSE TO ME! I DON'T WANT IT KNOWN THAT YOU'RE MY BROTHER!!



BUT YA DON'T HAFTA GO THAT FAR BACK!!

BUT I DON'T WANT PEOPLE T'THINK YOU'RE MY BROTHER EITHER!!

THE BUNGLE FAMILY

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

By H. J. TUTHILL

McNally Syndicate, Inc. N.Y.



BOY!! HOW THEY'RE BITING TODAY!



ANOTHER BIG ONE!!



WHY BOTHER TO PUT 'EM ON A LINE--I'LL JUST THROW 'EM IN THE BOTTOM OF THE BOAT!!



WHAT A DAY!! AS FAST AS I THROW THE LINE IN, THEY BITE!! WOW!—ANOTHER!!



WHAT A BIG BABY!!



OH!! I'M WORN OUT JUST HAULING THEM IN!!



THE BOAT IS GETTING TOO FULL OF THEM--JUST ONE MORE--AH!!—THERE HE IS---



GOSH, THIS BOAT IS FULL!! NEARLY SINKING--NOW TO GET THIS LOAD TO SHORE!!



IT IS SINKING!



NOW I'VE LOST ALL OF THEM!!



GEORGE!! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF STUFFING ME WITH SUCH A WILD, SILLY FISH STORY?

BUT--I TELL YOU IT'S THE TRUTH, HORACE!



CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ALL WET?

I'LL SAY YOU ARE! TRYING TO MAKE ME BELIEVE THAT JUNK!



SO!! YOU'RE HERE AGAIN, EH, BUNGLE?

IT STARTED WHEN I TOLD HIM ABOUT ALL THE FISH I CAUGHT--- I'LL TELL YOU THE STORY, JUDGE---



--AND HE GOT MAD WHEN I GOT TO THE PART OF THE STORY WHERE THE WEIGHT OF THE FISH SANK THE BOAT---

AND I'LL BE MAD TOO IF YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT STORY!!



I'M WILLING TO FORGET YOUR STREET BRAWL, BUT FOR INSULTING MY INTELLIGENCE WITH THAT TALE I'LL FINE YOU JUST \$10.00!!

REYNOLDS of the MOUNTED



by
ART PINAJIAN,

YES—IT IS I—JULES REYNARD—YOU THOUGHT I WAS STILL IN PRISON WHERE YOU TRAPPERS SENT ME! NO—I HAVE JUST ESCAPED, MY DEAR PIERRE! I THINK I HAVE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH YOU!



BUT, YOU WERE FOUND GUILTY OF POISONING OUR TRAPS!

BAH!! AT THIS MINUTE FIVE OF THE TRAPPERS' CABINS ARE UP IN FLAMES—I DID IT—AND YOURS IS NEXT! BUT, FIRST—GIVE ME YOUR MONEY!!



WE'RE ALMOST AT THE POST, REYNOLDS—RIGHT NOW WE'RE OVER THE FUR TRAPPERS' VALLEY!

LOOK, BERT—THE WHOLE VALLEY IS ON FIRE!



AS SERGEANT REYNOLDS FLIES HIGH OVER THE VALLEY—



GLAD YOU'RE BACK, SERGEANT—HOW WAS THE TRIP??

INSPECTOR, WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE! THE FUR TRAPPERS' VALLEY IS ABLAZE!



AS REYNOLDS REACHES HEADQUARTERS—

INSPECTOR, HELP! JULES REYNARD HAS ESCAPED FROM PRISON AND HAS RUN WILD IN THE VALLEY!

WHAT? THAT MADMAN? I THOUGHT WE PUT HIM AWAY FOR KEEPS! QUICK, SERGEANT—TAKE A FEW MEN AND GO AFTER HIM!



THE INSPECTOR'S DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN, AND—







Another adventure of Reynolds of The Mounted in the October issue--on sale August 30th.

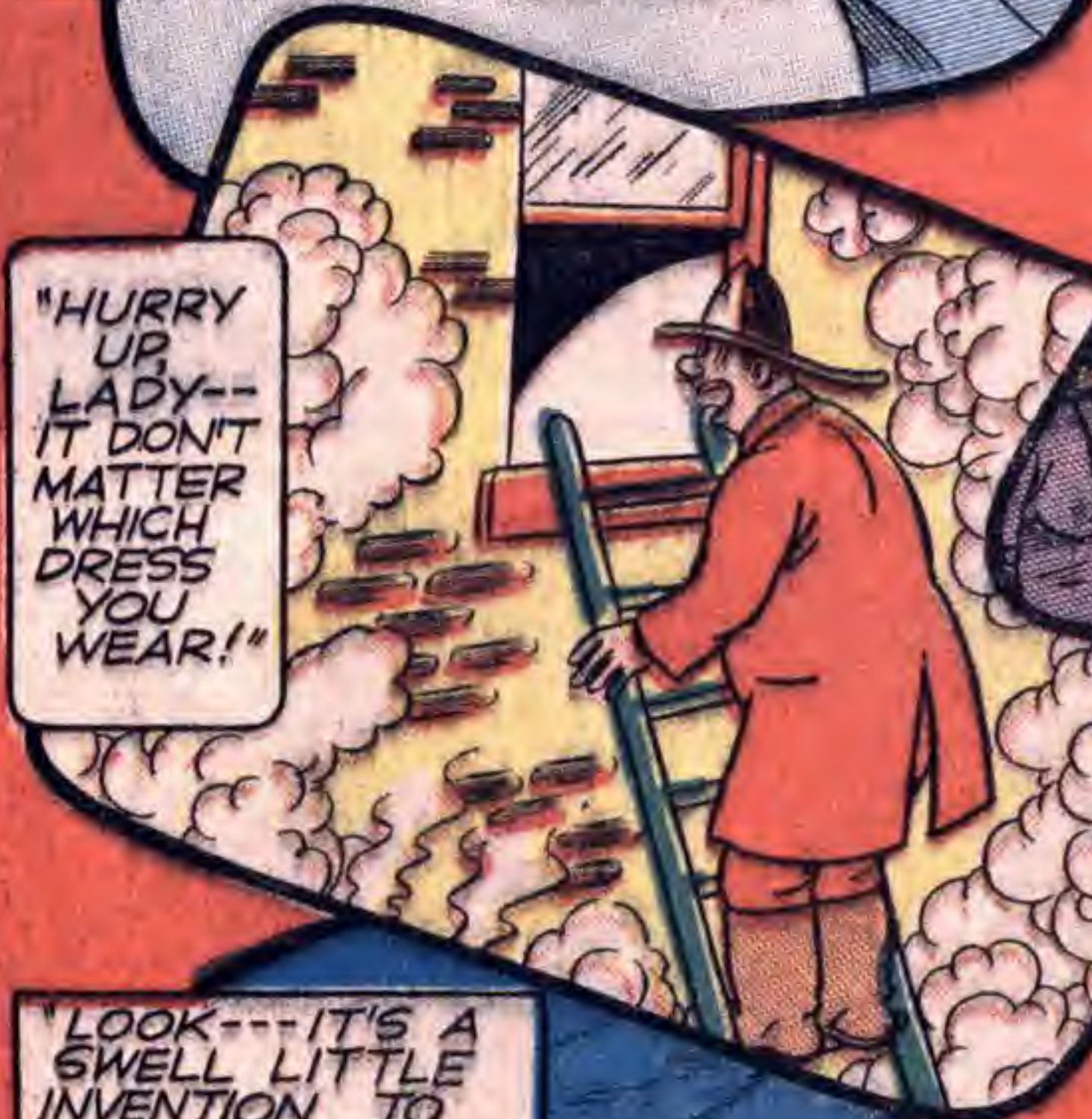
OFF THE RECORD By ED REED,



"I KNOW I PROMISED YOU A STRING OF PEARLS--BUT ALL I CAN AFFORD NOW IS THE STRING!"



"ALL RIGHT--I'LL TALK-- BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY--- I'M SUCH AN AWFUL BORE!"



"HURRY UP, LADY-- IT DON'T MATTER WHICH DRESS YOU WEAR!"



"IT'S LUCKY HE MOVES EVERY FEW HOURS--- OR WE WOULDN'T KNOW THAT HE'S ALIVE!"



"LOOK---IT'S A SWELL LITTLE INVENTION TO HANDLE BACK-SEAT DRIVERS!"



THE WINTERBOTTOM INSURANCE COMPANY WE PROTECT YOU.

"MR. WINTER-- BOTTOM, THESE MEN WANT TO SELL US A LITTLE PROTECTION!"

NIPPIE
-HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!



MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

—HE'S OFTEN
WRONG!!

THE LIFE
GUARD SAID
THAT BOAT
LEAKS NIPPIE!

AW—HE
WAS
KIDDIN'!!
IT
DOES
NOT--



HELP!



MICKEY FINN

McNIGHT Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE
PHIL IS GUESSIN'
PEOPLE'S WEIGHT
AT THE FIRE-
MEN'S CARNIVAL,
EH MICKEY?

YES—HE
EXPECTS
T'MAKE A
LOTTA
MONEY AT
IT TOO,
TOM!



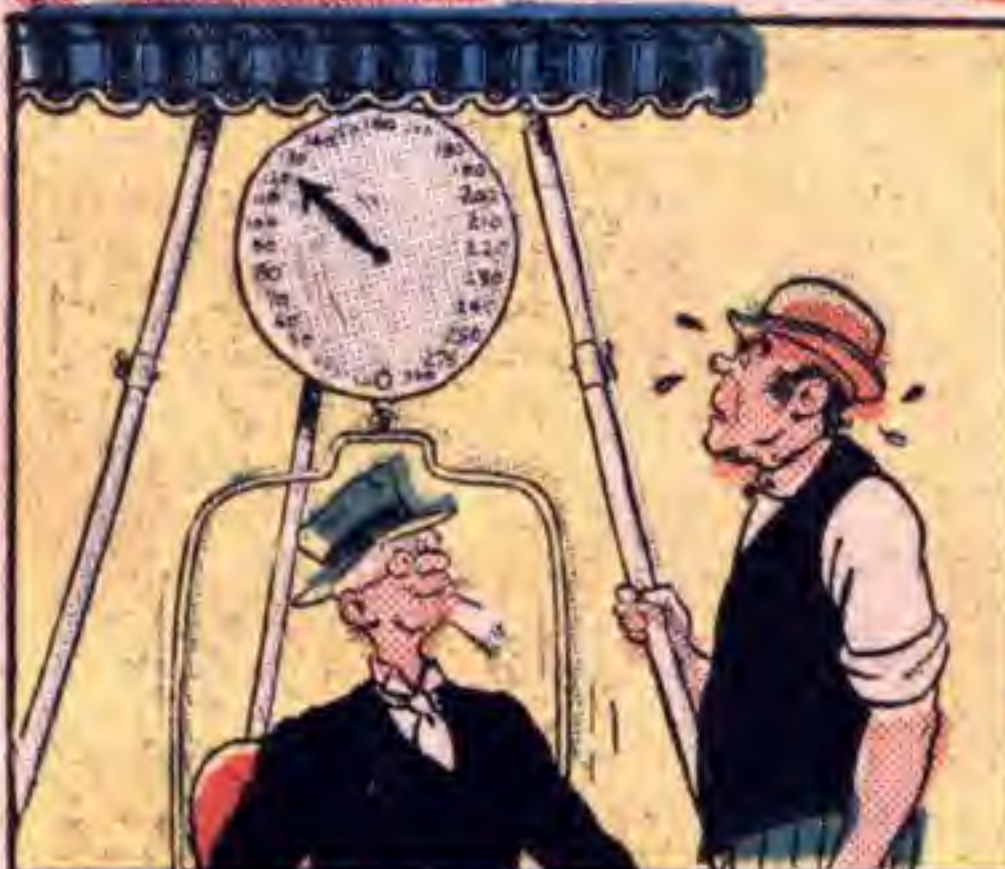
IF I FAIL TO GUESS
YOUR WEIGHT WITHIN
FIVE POUNDS
I WEIGH YOU
FREE!!

OKAY,
THEN
GUESS
ME!!



YOU SHOULD TIP THE
SCALES AT EXACTLY
150 POUNDS!!

HUH?



IN MY OPINION
YOU'RE NOT A
POUND OVER
125!

I DON'T
THINK
MUCH OF
YOUR
OPINION!!



WHY, I
WOULDN'T
WEIGH 200
WITH ROCKS
IN MY
POCKETS!!

HA-HA!! JUST
BE SEATED,
MISTER—AN'
YOU'LL SOON
SEE I'M
CORRECT!!



DOES HE
EVER GUESS
ANY
RIGHT?

HE AIN'T
SINCE I'VE
BEEN HERE
WATCHIN' THE
PAST HOUR!



DO YOU
THINK IT'LL
HOLD
ME?

DON'T WORRY,
LADY—THIS
SCALE WOULD
HOLD AN
ELEPHANT!!
SIT DOWN---



UNCLE PHIL—WE
CAME OVER T'BE
WEIGHED—AIN'T
YOU GONNA GUESS
ANY MORE TONIGHT
??

SHUT
UP!!—
AN'
GOOD
NIGHT
!!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

McNaught Syndicate, Inc.

By LANK LEONARD



More of Mickey Finn and Uncle Phil in the October issue of FEATURE COMICS.

A YOUNGSTER WHO LIVED IN FALL RIVER
LUGGED PORK-CHOPS AND BACON AND LIVER,
ON A BIKE WITH NO BRAKE,
'TILL HIS LEGS USED TO ACHE,
FROM THOSE ORDERS HE HAD TO DELIVER!



THE BUTCHER HE WORKED FOR WAS JOLLY,
HE SAW THAT SUCH LABOR WAS FOLLY,
SAID, "I'LL GET YOU A BIKE,
"WITH THE BRAKE THAT YOU LIKE —
"A SWELL-COASTING MORROW, BY GOLLY!"



THE BIKE DEALER, QUITE WIDE-AWAKE,
WAS STRONG FOR THE STOUT MORROW BRAKE,
SO THEY PICKED OUT A BLINGER —
A NIFTY HUM-DINGER,
WITH A BRAKE OF THE WORLD'S FINEST MAKE!



NOW THE FALL RIVER FOLKS GET THEIR BACON,
THEIR PORK-CHOPS AND FRANKFURTS AND STEAK, ON
THE MINUTE THEY ASK IT —
RIGHT OUT OF THE BASKET,
'MOST AS SOON AS THE ORDERS ARE TAKEN!

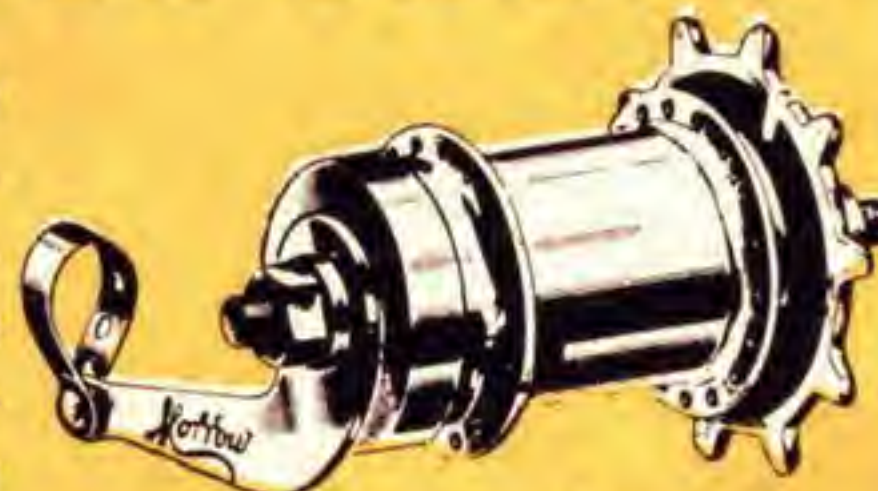


IT'S THE MORROW THAT CAUSES THE HUSTLE —
TAKES THE HILLS WITHOUT EVEN A TUSSLE —
KEEPS HIM SAFE ALL THE TIME,
'CAUSE IT STOPS ON A DIME,
AND IT'S NOT NEAR SO HARD ON HIS MUSCLE!



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has a **MORROW**
COASTER BRAKE

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years! Quick stop-
ping, easy pedal-
ing, long coasting;
more ball bear-
ings (31) than any
other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a
Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike — ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 271, Elmira, N. Y.

Take a Tip

FROM JOE "FLASH" GORDON

Here's a message right from the heart of one of the world's greatest athletes. Joe Gordon, flashy infielder who covers "acres" between first and second for the Yankees, says:

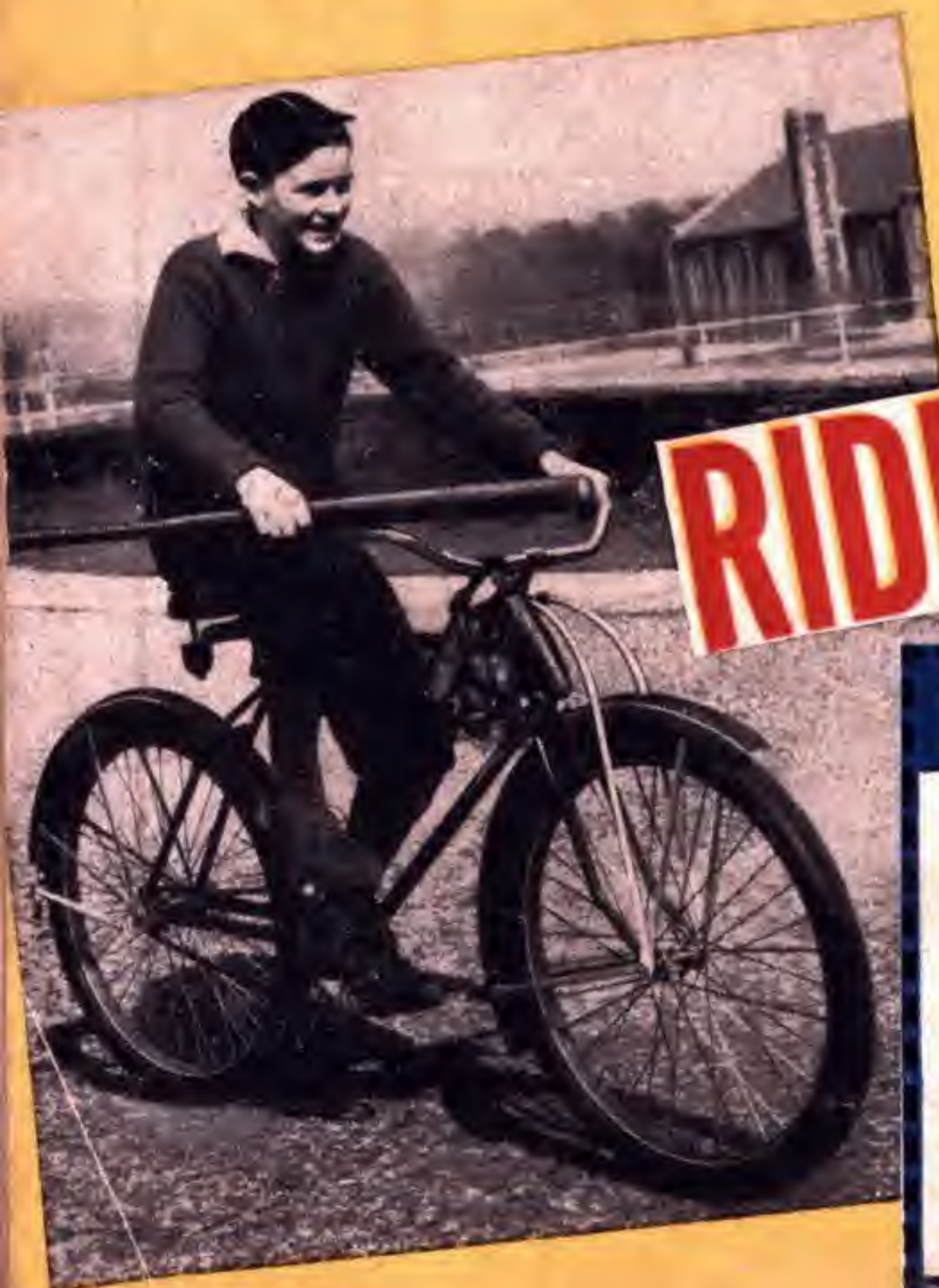
"You need leg power more than any other one thing in any form of sport. Riding a bike is the ideal way to develop strong, sturdy legs. I should know. It seems I've spent half my life riding a bike. And every minute of it was fun! If you'd like to be a champ—at anything—start riding a bike today!"

Act now! Tell mother and dad you want a new bike this summer. Ask them to go with you to your nearest dealer in bikes to look at the sporty new models. Remind them that the low first cost is the last!

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